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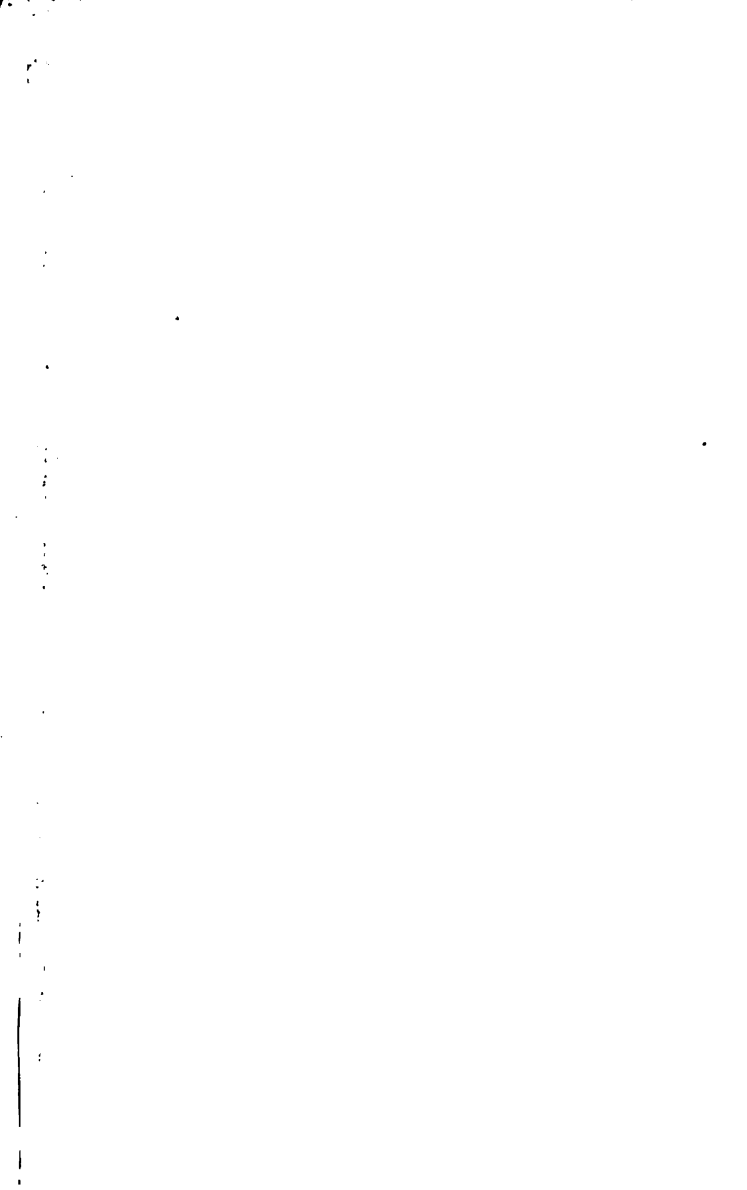


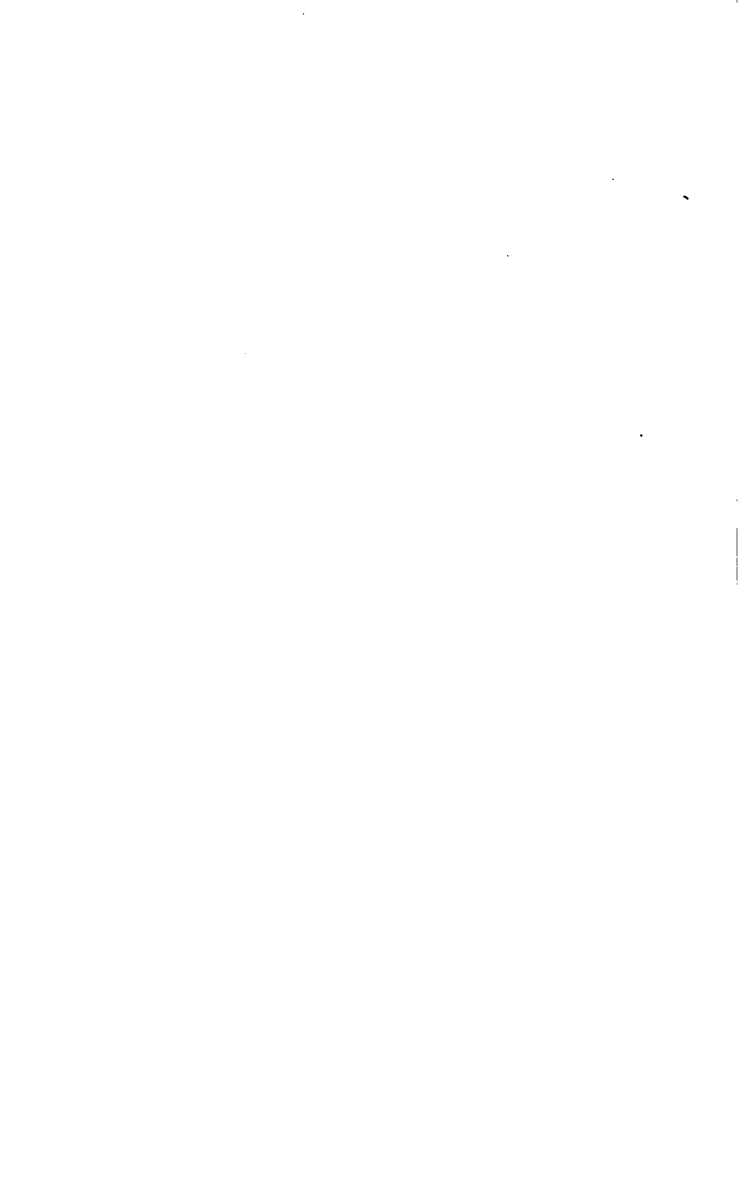
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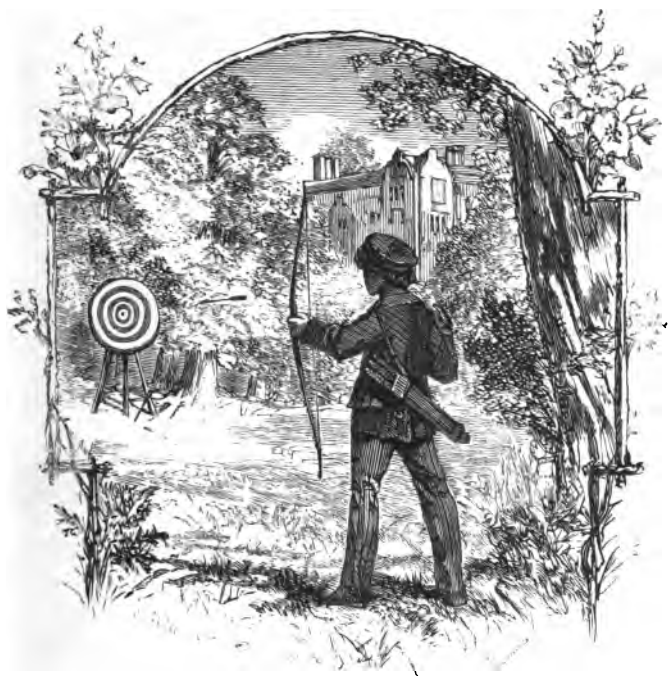




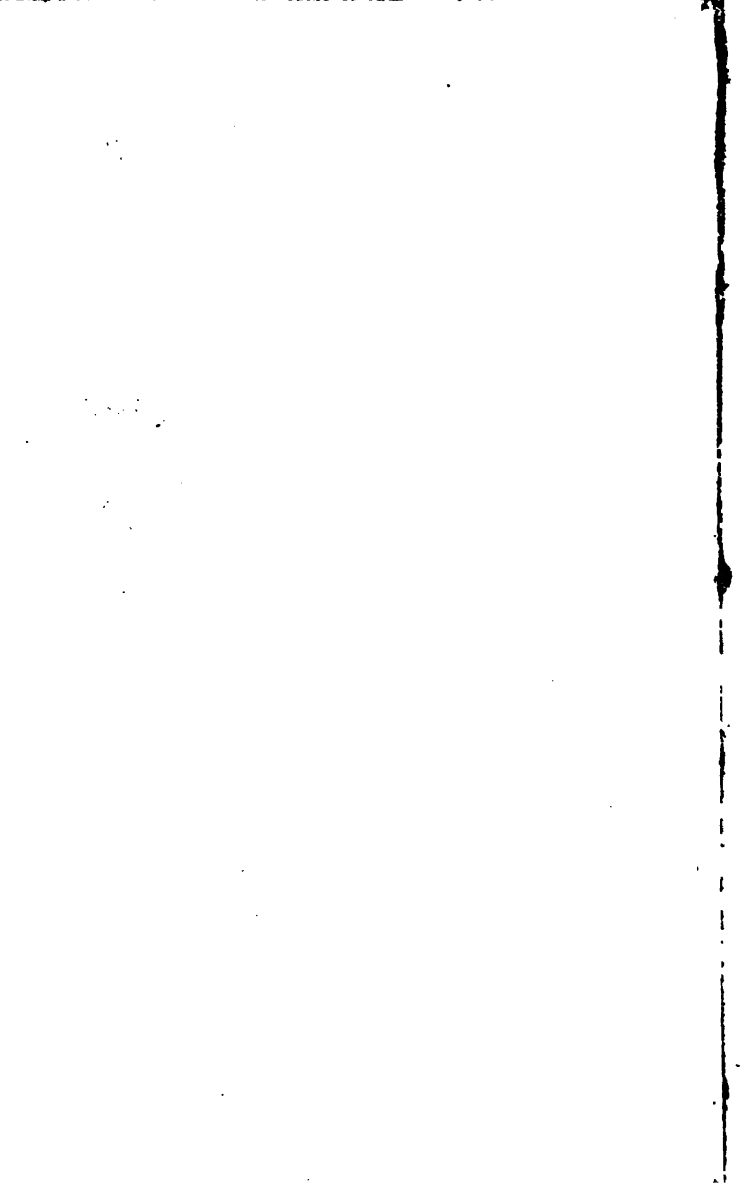
"A few feet nearer, and death would have been inevitable!"—Page 82.

HOWARD GREY;

A STORY FOR BOYS.



HENRY LEA: 22 WARWICK LANE
PATERNOSTER ROW



HOWARD GREY:

A Story for Boys.



BY

ONE WHO HAS STUDIED THEM.

LONDON:

HENRY LEA, 22, WARWICK LANE,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

—
1859.

249. C. 152.



P R E F A C E.

THIS little story of HOWARD GREY has been written for the pleasure and improvement of young people; and I have for it no higher ambition than that it may, in some measure, become a favourite with them.

Howard's perseverance, in spite of all difficulties, in the path of duty, and his patience under suffering and wrong, may lead some to desire to emulate him: if so, I shall have accomplished a portion of the work which I undertook, when I began to write his history.

And of my older readers, if I am so fortunate as to find any, I would ask some little

indulgence. If I have violated established college rules, in giving the valedictory to Howard, I can only plead as my excuse, that in no other manner could I so well place him in a novel and trying position before his companions; but if this violation of common usage cannot be overlooked, at least let the verses quoted by Howard atone for the offence. They are from the pen of a lady, and teach so true a lesson, that the fault craves forgiveness for their sake.

To you, and to my younger readers, the true judges of its worth, I leave my work.

C. L. M.

HOWARD GREY.

CHAPTER I.

UNDER the noble forest trees which formed so large a part of the beauty of the Briers, Maitland Lee stood, holding his bow listlessly in one hand, with an arrow half settled in its place. Before he took aim at the large target, which was far enough removed from him to require all his skill in archery to insure success in driving the arrow to its heart, he raised his bow, and, having carefully tried the string, he drew the arrow to its full length, and then sent it whizzing through the air; but it fell on one side of the desired point. A gesture of impatience, and a short exclamation, betokened the lad's disappointment; then again another arrow followed the first, and again a failure drew

forth another angry word. It may have been anger which made Maitland's hand unsteady, for, from some cause, no attempt that he made proved successful. One after another, he sent the feathered arrows from his bow, and while a few fell almost at his feet, and others were lost among the thick shrubbery, and some even grazed the target itself, none rested in it, when his quiver was emptied, to tell of his having aimed to strike its centre.

Wearied and disappointed, he threw his bow from him, and walked rapidly towards the house, which showed above the dense foliage of the old trees, with an air of comfort and elegance that evinced the taste of the owner of these beautiful grounds. As Maitland entered the house, a youth, who in every way presented a strong contrast to him, came up the wide gravel walk, with a book open in his hand, from which he read, as he walked, with a deep interest, and an almost entire forgetfulness of everything around him. He turned to enjoy the shade of the forest trees, as Maitland had done; but it was only from habit, not that he felt the

heat of the sunny path in which he had been walking. With his eyes still fixed on his book, he threw himself on the ground, and remained there until the last page had been turned, and the contents of the volume which had so pleased him had been made his own. Then, with his mind full of the marvellous story he had read in the life of the great captain, Christopher Columbus, he saw for the first time, though he had been almost resting against it, the target, with the bow which Maitland had cast down, and the scattered arrows, all telling of ill success and despair.

Now, the boy I am telling you of, dear children, was not one of those highly favoured by God, in receiving from Him, with the gift of life, a robust and perfect body, with both beauty of face, and a strong, healthy mind. Howard Grey was deformed: his short figure was marked by the infirmity which gave him the appearance, and too often among his thoughtless companions the name, of the Hunchback. This title caused Howard severe suffering: he knew that his form had no grace in the eyes of others, and he

fancied his pale, sad face must always cause distress to those who saw him for the first time. He shrank, therefore, from meeting any but the members of Maitland's family, and strove, by constant reading, to drive from his own mind the memory of his misfortune. It was not merely from the desire to forget himself, that he was always found with some precious book in his hand. He possessed from nature a love of reading, which no amount of volumes could satisfy. Fairy tales he delighted in as a child; and now that he had grown old enough to laugh at the sprite and goblin that have charmed all little people, he sought in History and Travels the same pleasure, and found in nearly every book that came to him something to interest his mind.

Howard amused himself by gathering Maitland's scattered arrows, and arranging one of them in the bow. He had not the strength of Maitland, and yet, as the arrow flew through the air from his hand, it seemed to waver less from the line the target marked, yet it did not reach its centre. So Howard tried again, as Maitland had done, only he used no

impatient word, and drew the next arrow more carefully than the last. It was well shot, and quivered in the target, but not yet within the great white ring. Another, and another still, and each one remained firmly planted in the target. It looked almost like a porcupine, as it stood bristling with the feathered tips of the arrows. Each time the trial of Howard's skill became greater, for the centre was half hidden by the circle he had formed around it. Two more shafts remained in his quiver, and with one of them he determined to pierce the centre. Once more the string of his bow was tightened, once more the arrow whistled through the air, and then, with a delighted heart, Howard saw that he had succeeded. The arrow was quivering, from the force with which it had been shot, in the very centre of the target.

Half fearful of failing if he used the remaining shaft, and yet unwilling to leave the sport until he had satisfied himself of his own skill, Howard placed the last arrow in his bow, and proved his power by placing it side by side with the last. Then, and not till then, did he lay aside the bow, and, resuming

his book, turned towards the house, well pleased with his success.

But before he had taken many steps, he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and heard his own name repeated. It was the clergyman of the village who had addressed him, and perhaps no one else would have been met with a smile by Howard, for I have told you that he shrank from nearly every one.

Mr. Gordon's manner was unusually kind, as he said—

“I have seen your perseverance, Howard, and am well pleased that you can, without the thought of praise, follow the object which you have once attempted to master. I need not tell you to keep the same earnest spirit, and hereafter you will gain all that you can desire. Remember this morning, my lad, if you ever feel tempted to despair. You have proved the truth of an old and favourite saying, to me, that ‘*He can conquer who thinks he can ;*’ but even with such a motto, and so fair an example of its worth before me, I must not tarry now—a parishioner is waiting for me.”

Then Mr. Gordon bade Howard good-bye,

and the boy, after a few moments, entered the house with a pleasant smile. He loved the good man, whom he had just left, very dearly, and every study he pursued was undertaken with the thought of Mr. Gordon's approval. Howard and Maitland were both pupils of the clergyman, and they knew none of the evils of a school life; for in the quiet study of the parsonage there was little to distract their attention from their books, and much to aid them in forming firm habits of application and thought. Mr. Gordon judged rightly of Howard's mind, when, on receiving him as a pupil for the first time, he said, "I offer you no other reward, my child, than the approval your own conscience will give for each act of duty well performed." To Maitland he had said but little; for he saw the rare talents of the lad, and believed that *vanity* would lead him to apply himself diligently, during the first few weeks, at least.

And in this he judged both boys rightly. Maitland was talented. No task which Mr. Gordon marked out for him, but was speedily acquired; and when, after an hour's study,

he could go through his appointed tasks fluently, and win Mr. Gordon's praise, he fancied he had *earned* the reward so much coveted; but the joyous smile that, at such times, lighted up his countenance and made his deep blue eye so beautiful, too often had its rise only in a gratified vanity; and as yet Maitland had not learned to conceal his love of praise.

Howard, after parting with Mr. Gordon, entered the house, as we have said, and on his way to the library—a grand old room, that invited every one to study who once looked into it—he encountered Maitland. Although the smile with which he greeted Howard was pleasant, it soon passed from his face, for he still smarted with disappointment. The archery scene, of which I have told you, had more meaning than you imagine. Maitland was one of a small company of young archers, and in a short period from the time with which this story begins, there was to be a trial of their skill before the oldest marksmen of the town, and to the successful candidate a prize was to be given.

None of the lads knew what the award

was to be, but the little mystery which had been preserved rather piqued them all to greater effort, than the mere desire to be the "best shot" could have done. Howard had declined taking part in the public exhibition of skill: he felt his infirmity too keenly to expose himself willingly to remark; and though, as we have seen, he still persevered in practising with his bow, it was merely for his own amusement. This, then, was the reason why Maitland looked so gloomy. He had used his bow day after day, in the hope of bearing off the prize; for he knew it would please his father to hear him praised, and his sister, too, he fancied, would feel proud that her brother should be the favoured one. And now, after so much labour, and so many hopes of praise, to find his hand more unsteady than it had ever been, and his arrows failing when he had aimed them most truly, was too much for his vain temper to endure; so he had determined, rather than fail at the last, to give up the thought of the meeting altogether. Maitland told Howard this, as they stood talking at the library door, and only seemed more irritated

as the latter urged him to persevere, and at least show how much he could accomplish. Howard did not often hesitate to urge Maitland, through his vanity, to the performance of his appointed tasks; but to-day he uttered no word which would kindle his love of admiration. He offered every other motive, urged him in every other way; even quoted Mr. Gordon's own words to him, without telling him, however, that he had won them first himself, but it was all in vain; and at last Howard said—

“I cannot understand your feeling. I would rather know that I could conquer a difficulty through the power within me, without a reward, than receive the triumph that I had not earned through perseverance.”

“Don't talk to me in that way, Howard: you know very well that all *you* will ever gain will be through plodding perseverance. You never have known what it is to win praise for talent, beauty, and grace.”

Maitland spoke in anger, and scarcely knew what he had said, till his sister Mildred's voice recalled him to himself.

“How can you be so base, Maitland?

How can you so wrong the truest friend you have ever had; and one, too," she added, while her eyes filled with tears, "whom God has given to us to cherish most tenderly?"

Howard had not waited to hear more than Maitland's words. He had crossed the hall with an unsteady step, and with a bitter look of sorrow upon his countenance; but, with all the trial, there had been no temptation to anger, no thought of rebellion against God,—only grief that one he so loved should thus speak to him. From the hall he went to his own room, and there remained for a long time with his face hidden in his hands, and a grief he had never before known in his heart. He knew that he must bear the suffering that this trial brought, meekly; but to forget it, was more than he had power to do. It was not the words that Maitland had spoken which had so wounded him, for in them there was nothing but what he felt to be true. But that Maitland should have used them—that he should have so scorned Howard as to reproach him for being less blessed than himself—seemed scarcely

true, as he thought over the scene in the quiet of his own chamber.

He strove to still the bitter sobs that every now and then broke out; for, in spite of his strong will, he was mourning over this sorrow, as Maitland's sister would have done, had she followed him from the hall. He thought that he would yet show Maitland the power that dwelt in "plodding perseverance;" but all would not do: the longer he dwelt on the words, the more bitter they seemed, until at last his mind returned to the scene on the lawn, where Mr. Gordon had met him, and his motto occurred to him once more.

Howard saw his own weakness, as he repeated it to himself.

For the first time, he was conscious of the little moral courage he possessed. He could bear pain, for he had grown accustomed to it; he could bear wrong patiently, for he had received from God a gentle and loving heart: but he could not bear to be seen by those who felt no sympathy for him, or who, in tendering him a kindness, so blended it with pity, as to make it truly distasteful to him.

He saw this truth for the first time, and felt that there was something closely bordering on cowardice in thus keeping aloof from those who had been more blest by nature than himself.

He saw his weakness, and determined to overcome it; and, as the first step towards the attainment of his purpose, cast from him all thoughts of Maitland's insulting words, and prepared to spend the remainder of the day at the parsonage, with Mr. Gordon.

It was a holiday, and both Maitland and himself were privileged to dine with their clergyman whenever they chose to do so; therefore Howard's absence from home at the dinner hour occasioned no other remark from Mr. or Mrs. Lee, than—

“I suppose Howard is enjoying a quiet day with Mr. Gordon.”

To this Maitland could say nothing: he knew the share he had had in sending Howard from them; but his face was flushed when Mildred looked towards him, as her father finished speaking, as though a consciousness of his fault had made him uncomfortable.

It certainly prevented him from indulging in his usual merry remarks during dinner; for he scarcely uttered a word, and enjoyed the meal so little as to make his parents fancy him sick: they therefore urged him to rest as soon as dinner was over, and Mr. Lee seemed half inclined to attribute Maitland's indisposition to too violent exercise during the morning. Maitland dared not acknowledge his fault; he knew his father's feeling for Howard too well, to believe that he could overlook the words so unkindly spoken: therefore he said nothing of them, and only replied, when urged to rest, that "he wished to walk to the parsonage, and return with Howard, in the cool of the evening;" and, as he saw his mother still thought he had better remain quiet, added—

"Let me go, my dear mother, and Mildred with me, and I promise you will find me quite restored when I come home."

Mrs. Lee consented, though reluctantly, for she thought Mildred would urge him to return, if he seemed less well after walking.

Though the parsonage was more than a mile from the Briers, both Mildred and her

brother had passed over the road to it so frequently, as to find it only a short walk.

The afternoon was very beautiful. A gentle breeze, mingled with the sweet odour of newly-cut grass, brought to them the songs of birds. While everything around them seemed to be breathing out a thanksgiving to God, Mildred tried to win Maitland from his silent mood, to enjoy the scene around them.

She saw that he was grieving over his folly; and although she knew Howard would forgive, she could not justify her brother's conduct; but still she thought—and in this she was right—that the beautiful works of nature must soothe the evil passions of his heart.

Mildred was younger than Maitland; they were the only children of Mr. and Mrs. Lee, and were very dear to each other; yet, though the younger, Mildred was the guide and counsellor of her brother. She possessed an energy which, had it been combined with Maitland's talents, would have made her a remarkable person: as it was not, it enabled her to direct her brother wisely, and made her a useful and lovely girl, with a good

mind and clear judgment, always ready to do what she could to render others happy.

Perhaps you wonder why Maitland chose to go to Howard. It was Mildred's suggestion, which led him to repair, by whatever kindness he could show, the unkind words of the morning. Under Mildred's rebuke, he had felt his meanness in upbraiding Howard with his physical infirmity; and now he was on his way to seek him, to tell him of his sorrow, and of his determination to contend, as he at first wished to have done, for the archery prize.

The sun was just setting as they entered the parsonage garden; and while they paused to enjoy the beauty of the sky, covered with small purple and crimson clouds, with a broad band of gold below, Mr. Gordon discovered them from his study, and, with Howard, hastened to meet them.

"You are welcome visitors, my children," he said; "I only wish you had joined us earlier, for I fancy Howard has grown a little tired of me, after so long and quiet a day."

"Please do not say so, Mr. Gordon,"

Howard quickly replied; "*I* must plead guilty to having been dull enough to have wearied *you*; but I hope you will attribute my dulness only to the headache, from which I am really suffering, and not to any other cause."

"Ah! well, Howard, I see you mean to encourage my vanity, and I am very willing to believe you. But we must not keep tea waiting, nor Mrs. Gordon, who will want to see you all. She has had the table laid in the piazza, and we can enjoy the sunset there, better than we can in this place."

So saying, Mr. Gordon linked Mildred's arm in his, and led the way to the house. Maitland and Howard were left together, and for a moment there was a struggle in the breast of each.

For Maitland feared that Howard would not receive the excuse he longed to make, or, at least, would not forgive; while Howard fancied Maitland would think him mean-spirited, if he were the first to make the advance. Then came the thought, "Maitland has come to me, and I will not treat him coldly;" and at the same moment both

extended their hands, and no other sign of forgiveness was needed.

Mildred felt very happy as she saw them approach the piazza with their arms thrown around each other, as she was accustomed to see them walk; and in her heart there was a comparison of the two, which tended more to Howard's praise than to Maitland's.

A kind greeting from Mrs. Gordon followed, and a long, cheerful talk over the tea-table, which was spread with the daintiest bread, butter, and milk,—all 'products of the little farm attached to the parsonage.

The party lingered long over their tea, for the lads and Mildred knew no greater enjoyment than these quiet, cheerful evenings with their pastor. At last, however, Mildred reminded her brother that it was growing late, and, with Howard, they soon after took leave of their kind entertainers.

The walk home, under the clear sky of June, with the bright stars glittering above, was very pleasant. A happy feeling, too, animated the three. Maitland had acknowledged his fault, and Howard had forgiven it; and the sister rejoiced to know that Maitland

could so conquer his own vanity as to confess an error, that had grown at first entirely out of his love of admiration.

As the three walked slowly along, talking gaily of their day's amusement, a bright meteor crossed the sky, and induced them all to pause, that they might follow its rapid course over the heavens. An instant passed, then it disappeared; but it led their thoughts into another channel, and Maitland said—

“How glorious that sudden gleam was! I could almost wish my life might resemble it. Like it, brilliant and rapid, and followed by the watchful eyes of thousands!”

“But your life,” answered Mildred, “may, if you will, resemble the brightness of the meteor, without its swift extinction.”

“And in one thing, Maitland,” Howard said, “it never can be like that star, it will never pursue its way *alone*: if your life be brilliant, and soon extinguished, the darkness that may settle on it, must fall also on your parents and sister. My life may be lonely, as that beautiful meteor's has been, and none will grieve when its light goes out in darkness.

"Oh! Howard, you are not kind to doubt our love;" and Mildred, as she spoke, laid her hand on his, and added, "you are as dear to us as Maitland. I have scarcely known what it is, not to have *two* brothers, and surely I show no difference in my love to you."

"No, I did not, even in thought, reproach any one of your dear family, when I spoke just now," Howard said; "but my life must be lonely; for if affection may follow me, in the profession I would choose, I shall be separated from those I most love."

"And what will that profession be?" asked Maitland; for it was the first time this subject had ever been touched upon.

"I wish, with your father's permission, to enter the navy. It offers more attractions for me than any other mode of life, and I fancy it is the vocation nature meant me to pursue."

This announcement surprised Howard's companions, and many expressions of regret followed it. Maitland said, at length—

"I had hoped the study of law would have interested you, as it truly does me. I have fully determined to seek distinction in the

field where such men as Wirt, Webster, and Clay have stood, towering above all others."

"Except," Mildred laughingly added, "the *first American* orator, Patrick Henry: how could you forget him, in your little list of great minds?"

But there was no time for a reply; they had entered the avenue of the Briers, and had only gone a few steps when Mr. and Mrs. Lee met them. The latter said—

"Are you not late to-night, Mildred? I began to fear Maitland might be really sick, and your father and I were on our way to the parsonage, to know what had detained you."

"We have only lingered on our way home, from the desire we all felt to enjoy the beautiful night," Mildred answered; and then all walked together to the house, where, in a few moments, a bell called the servants to the evening prayer.

A blessing was asked on the household by Mr. Lee, before the family separated for the night. Mildred paused, as she left the room, to remind Howard of a promise he had

made, to ride with her before breakfast the next day.

Howard laughingly replied—

“I am not so ungallant a knight as to forget the promise made to a lady; but if you purpose riding early to-morrow, I must not keep you now. See, it is not far from midnight.”

As Mildred's eye rested on the old time-piece, she saw she must indeed hasten to her room; and once more bidding Howard good-night, she left him, and was soon sleeping calmly. Howard, too, sought his room, but though he tried to sleep, he could not; and when the morning dawned, he rose unrefreshed, for he had passed a sleepless night.

Maitland, with the buoyancy of his nature, had cast from him all painful thoughts. Sleep came to him as to a little child, and it was not until a late hour that he awoke.

Then, he seemed surprised to hear that Mildred and Howard had ridden some ten or fifteen miles, and wondered how they had the energy to undertake so much at so early an hour: he seemed inclined to bestow some

pity upon them, for having sacrificed so much rest to an imaginary pleasure ; but his mother reminded him, that the bright colour on Mildred's cheek must bear witness against him, if he asserted that they had not done wisely to meet the freshness of the early morning air.

His father, too, with a half-sigh, said—

“ The pallor of your countenance, my son, is not indicative of an energetic temperament : let me see some change in *your* habits, in these points, rather than in either Mildred's or Howard's.”

Maitland felt his father's rebuke to be merited, and he received it in silence, with a secret longing, which he was too proud to express, to make his life more nearly resemble Howard's, in its faithful discharge of all duties.

The morning was too attractive for the party to linger long in the breakfast-room. Mr. Lee was obliged to drive to the neighbouring city on business, and Howard was to accompany him. There were school duties for Mildred, and household tasks for her mother, and Maitland knew that Mr. Gordon would

wait for him ; therefore, in a little while, they separated for the various employments of the day.

And now, while there is no one to occupy our attention, I will give you, dear children, some description of the home I am writing about, and tell you why Howard, though a member of Mr. Lee's family, was so truly a dependant on his kindness.

CHAPTER II.

I WISH you could see the beautiful home I am about to describe to you. You would be charmed with it, as I have been, especially as, at this season, the sweet-brier, which gives it its name, is in full bloom, and, with every breeze that passes over it, its delicate perfume is wafted to us.

You must imagine, in the first place, a large stone mansion, divided by a wide hall running through its centre, surrounded by piazzas all overgrown with vines. You can just catch a glimpse of the house from the road, for a long avenue of noble trees half conceals it; but as you leave the avenue, and come out upon the lawn immediately around the house, you feel that nature has done very much for this beautiful spot, and art, too, has not spared her labour to make

it even more attractive. The lawn is like a great emerald carpet: it is kept closely mown, and, as it slopes down to the little stream, which is, on one side, the boundary of Mr. Lee's property, forms one of the prettiest features of the view. To the right of the entrance, there are fine old woods, which look as if they never could decay. Mildred and her brother have spent some of the happiest days of their lives in roaming through them, seeking for the early wild flowers, and delighting in surprising each other with the first discovery of the pretty *Arbutus*, which, hidden beneath half-withered leaves, bears a fragrant flower like the tiniest porcelain bell. There, too, the *Ground-ivy* flourished, and the *Indian pink*, and the graceful vine of the *Partridge-berry*, all interwoven among the moss and long grasses which abound in the shade of such old woods.

If I tell you that the Briers was situated among many other beautiful country-seats, immediately surrounding one of our finest cities, I suspect you will be quite as well satisfied, as if I were to tell you that Mr. Lee's home was located so many miles from

Boston, or New York, and within a few minutes' walk of a pretty village in one of the States to which those cities belong.

These old woods were, as I have told you, on one side of the principal entrance to the mansion, which was covered by a graceful ivy, that never lost its verdure, even under the severest winter frosts.

The interior of this dwelling was no less attractive than the grounds around it. The wide hall which divided it, terminated, at the lower end, in a deep recess, from which the library opened on one side, and on the other, the most attractive of conservatories. Between these two rooms and the entrance door, opened the drawing rooms, on a line with the library. They were large, well-furnished apartments, that wore a cheerful, home look, perhaps from the wide windows, extending from the ceiling to the floor, and which, at this season, invited all who entered the rooms to pass beyond them to the wide, well-shaded piazzas. Opposite to these were the breakfast-room, and Mr. Lee's private study, both wearing a cheerful aspect, and speaking, as all things did about the Briers,

of taste and liberality on the part of the owners.

But the rooms above are the most pleasant to me. Mr. and Mrs. Lee's, and Mildred's, are over the drawing-rooms; and beyond Mildred's, a room devoted to the children, when younger, and known as the play-room. Here it was, that they now generally assembled to prepare their lessons, or to enjoy an animated talk, when company in the drawing-room or library made them feel that they would not be called for during the evening. In this they were not always quite correct; for Maitland had an unusually lovely voice, and his father was proud of the talent his son possessed; so it often happened that their quiet evenings were broken up by a message from Mr. Lee to Maitland, which, perhaps, he rarely grieved at receiving, knowing well that, when thus summoned, a pleasant reward of praise from his father's guests awaited him.

Mildred's chamber, I should like to describe to you particularly. It was cheerful and well lighted, one end being bowed, with a window in its centre, opening on a pretty

vine-covered balcony, and surrounded by wide window seats; it opened towards the west, and Mildred knew no greater delight than to watch the sunset from this spot.

It certainly afforded her a fine view: the open country beyond the water, with here and there a dark mass of foliage, seemed never so beautiful as when coloured by the rich tints of the setting sun. The furniture of her apartment had been selected to suit Mildred's own fancy. It was of maple, highly polished and prettily moulded; a little carving finished each piece, and gave to the furniture an air of elegance. The cane-seated chairs and sofa needed no covering to protect them; while the bed, with its snowy linen and pure dimity covering, seemed only suited to the gentle owner of the room. A few pictures, gifts generally from her parents, hung around the walls, and very pretty they all were.

Among them was a copy, in water-colours, from a valuable English picture, of two children's heads. This was Mildred's own work, and had been framed only a few weeks, and hung, at her father's express desire, in her

chamber. Perhaps she would have liked better to have had some other painting there; but she made a secret resolve, after it had been hung up, that, ere long, one better worthy such distinction should occupy its place. And she was likely to fulfil her wish; for each day she received the praises of her drawing-master, as he saw, with a delighted eye, the progress she was making.

Of Mildred's book-case, I have said nothing: you may fancy it filled as your own may be, only allowing one full shelf for serious, thoughtful books, and the rest you may arrange as you will.

On the other side of the hall, opposite to Mildred's, were Maitland's and Howard's rooms, and a large apartment held in reserve for guests, and always ready for their use. Of course, the apartments devoted to Howard and Maitland were supplied with all the curiosities which lads of their age delight in collecting: they differed in their taste here, however, as in all else. Maitland's eye was caught, and his fancy pleased, by the bright autumn leaves, or the gay plumage of the beautiful birds which were numerous

around the Briers. The oriole, with its curious nest, the blue-bird, and even the gentle robin, had a place in his collection; wreaths of gay autumn leaves supplied the place of paintings to him; in one corner of his room, a half-completed collection of butterflies told of some forgotten impulse, and in another, seaweed and mosses were heaped together, as though he had wearied even of their wonderful variety. While the walls of Howard's chamber were almost covered with accurate sketches of the surrounding country, and a well-filled cabinet of shells, systematically arranged, betrayed his love of nature, even though he traced it in the products of the element he most delighted in observing. In truth, a strong love of nature characterized Howard, and had led him to devote himself to the studies which dwelt most upon it. In his desire to enter the navy, he but betrayed his love of a life of observation; and in intimating this wish to Mr. Lee, he confided to him the desire to enter it only as a surgeon. It was a strange fancy for such a lad to entertain, yet he had well considered the matter, and only delayed his decision until

his guardian's wishes had been expressed. Startled, indeed, Howard was, while on his way to the city, after he had told Mr. Lee of his wishes, to hear him say—

“Howard, my dear boy, I am grieved that you have desired to pursue a profession for which I deem you most unfitted. A life in the navy is not the one for a spirit like your own; and then, too”—and as he spoke, Howard was conscious that his voice trembled—“your physical health renders you doubly unfit for its duties.”

“My health, Mr. Lee,” Howard answered, almost proudly, “has never yet failed: why do you fear for it hereafter?”

But, as he finished speaking, he understood, from the expression of Mr. Lee's countenance, what he would not utter in words—“Your deformity, Howard, renders you unqualified for such a life.”

This was a bitter disappointment to the youth—a deeper grief than he was willing any one should witness. As he bowed his head on his hands, and the quick throbbing of his heart shook his whole frame, he felt almost tempted to rebel against the hand

that had laid so hard a trial upon him. For a few moments, these bitter feelings overcame him; then the thought stole in, that the eye of God, even then, was upon him; and in a little while the sharp, angry, rebellious feeling disappeared, and, almost calmly, he turned to Mr. Lee, and said—

“What profession shall I choose, where this same objection will not have equal weight?”

Mr. Lee saw the trial that the boy had endured, and it was with a feeling of deeper affection than he usually showed, that he answered—

“The profession of medicine, my dear child, can offer no such objection, if you wish to pursue it nearer your home: my thoughts turned only on your desire to enter the *navy*, when you questioned me just now.”

Half his grief disappeared, as Howard heard these words. His darling wish was still before him—honourable distinction in the schools where so many of the noblest men have distinguished themselves, was still open to him: and with an eager heart he devoted himself to the least attractive of the two paths which he had so long dreamed of following.

So Howard's future duties were marked out for him: a hand he had not seen was leading him in the path best suited to him; and a strong desire filled his soul, to act nobly and truly in his hours of coming toil.

The day passed in the city, and in the cool shadows of the twilight he drove Mr. Lee home. Maitland's day had begun, as you know, with indolence and vain longings after excellence; it wore on, without bringing him one pleasant memory of duties well performed. Mr. Gordon chided him for negligence in the preparation of his studies, for trifling during the hours appointed for thought; and as he stood waiting for his father's return under the trees of the avenue, his heart reproached him bitterly for his neglect.

But this was of little benefit to him: a sullen despair seemed to be creeping over him, which was in strange contrast with his usual buoyant temper; and his countenance betrayed his unhappiness, when Howard checked the horse almost by Maitland's side, without his having heard its approach. Mr. Lee took no notice of the disquiet Maitland showed, for he hoped that some feeling was at work,

which would lead him to rouse himself to manly exertion, and to the proper improvement of the rare talents bestowed on him by his Creator. The three entered the house together, and soon Mrs. Lee and Mildred joined them. They had not been idle during the day: each duty had been faithfully performed; and with a calm feeling of happiness they watched the closing of the long summer day.

There is a noble joy in conquering difficulty, in being equal to the work before us; but it is a joy hardly earned, for there must be patient endeavour and daily self-denial, before the pleasure can be fully ours. Such pleasure belongs only to those who, unlike Maitland, *strive constantly* and earnestly.

There was music that evening, from Mildred alone, of the three young people; then Mrs. Lee played and sung a few simple Scotch airs, which were endeared to them all by old-time associations; then, as before, the evening closed with prayer.

But I must not delay my history of Howard's earlier life. Several years before my story commences, he had been thrown, by

an unlooked-for event, entirely upon Mr. Lee's kindness; and, to the time of which I am writing, there had been no cessation in the endeavours of Mr. and Mrs. Lee to render him happy. The conversation of the morning, however, had disturbed Maitland's father so much, that, before he retired, he called his son to him in the library, and, for the first time, confided Howard's entire history, as far as it was known to himself, to Maitland, urging him, from that night, to greater gentleness and courtesy in all his intercourse with Howard. I shall make my account of these matters more lengthy than Mr. Lee did in relating them to Maitland, who already knew much of Howard's history.

Years had passed since he first became the inmate of this kind family; and the thought of his ever being claimed, as the child of living parents, no longer crossed Mr. Lee's mind; so that, in repeating the story to Maitland, he told him of the death of all connected with the boy.

The spring of 18— had been unusually stormy. Living, as he did, within a few miles of the sea-coast, Mr. Lee was often startled

by the rumours of ships driving before the wind, until at last they were dashed to pieces on the rocks, or engulfed within sight of the shore their passengers and crews might never reach. These scenes he had never witnessed, but he knew full well that the beach was treacherous, and that many lives had been lost upon it. But at last a storm arose, which for three days knew no cessation: the wind set towards the shore; the buoys were torn from their supports, and nothing but doubt and terror seemed left to those who approached the shore during its continuance. It was a fearful thought to Mr. Lee, as, on the second day of the storm, he gazed on his own dear children and wife, and thought of the parents and children who, ere night-fall, might be cast as sufferers on the land. Such thoughts, with him, did not terminate in mere pity for the suffering, but found a way through action, generally, to relieve them. So it was now: he at once made various arrangements, which he thought might be of use, if he should be so fortunate as to rescue any from the sea; and then, with but little delay, prepared to depart for the shore. Mrs. Lee's faith in the

goodness of the Almighty, led her to trust her husband on his sad errand of mercy, with almost a willing heart; but after she had done all that could be done for his comfort—after she had parted from him with a smile of hope and encouragement—her heart failed her, as she thought of the dangers he must meet. Yet even then she would not recall him, for she knew the value of his presence to those who might strive to reach the land; and, throwing from her all selfish thoughts, she gathered her household together, and prayed for the safety of those who were then tossing on the sea, and for him, the father of her children, and her own dearest treasure.

Mr. Lee drove on towards the coast, striving to gather such help from the strong, labouring men of the village near, as would prove of most avail; and in a little more than three hours he stood on the beach, surrounded by a band of robust men, well supplied with ropes, and urging to action a few fishermen, who, from the breaking of the storm, had remained on the shore, hoping that each hour a lull would occur, that would enable them to

reach the ship which in the night had been thrown upon the rocks, but a short distance beyond the spot where they stood. So far, no one had attempted to reach her, until Mr. Lee, seeing that, unless soon assisted, every soul on board of her must perish—after using every incentive which could avail to induce some of the men to attempt to carry a rope to the ship, and finding that not one of those around him was willing to incur the danger—at last, wearied of their delay, secured a rope around his waist, and, unheeding the entreaties of the men around him, who were startled by his strong will, saw that it was properly fastened at the other end, and, with a prayer to God for safety, descended the rocks nearest to the ship. The noble effort was of no avail; a wave, mountain high, came roaring towards the vessel, swept over it, and when it fell upon the beach, the ship was no longer visible: she had been engulfed beyond the possibility of human aid to reach her. For a moment, Mr. Lee was overwhelmed by the suddenness of its destruction; but he saw that nothing could be done, and he stood, with a trembling heart, waiting for some vestige from

the wreck to float ashore. The next wave brought to the group of fishermen who had reached the beach, two forms, in which life seemed quite extinct—a child, clasped in the arms of a rough sailor, both lashed to a fragment of a water-cask. The men pronounced the sailor and child quite dead, and even Mr. Lee feared that they were right; yet, while a *chance of life* remained, he would not remain inactive. The rope which he had fastened around himself was loosened; the two lifeless forms were carried by the fishermen to a ruined hut, high up upon the shore, where, at his command, a fire had been kept burning, and blankets he himself had brought, deposited. Soon he had the unlooked-for joy of seeing tokens of returning life in the child, and in a little while the sailor showed the good effects of the care bestowed upon him. He revived more slowly, and less entirely, than the boy who had been saved by him, and who seemed to have sustained no other injury than temporary suffering from the water; but the sailor evidently had been injured on the rocks. For a few moments his consciousness returned; but when he attempted to

peak, the sound died on his lips, and, to the sorrow of those around, at the end of an hour, all animation ceased, and death too truly settled on his countenance.

Mr. Lee delayed his return to the Briers only until he felt convinced that no other bodies could be washed ashore alive; then, giving orders for the proper burial of the poor sailor, he turned his face towards his home, with the precious charge he had rescued from the sea.

Gladly were both her husband and the child welcomed by Mrs. Lee; and, with a feeling of joy that his efforts had been so rewarded, she folded the orphan boy in her arms, and vowed, with God's help, to love and cherish him as her own.

The child so saved was Howard Grey, then in his fifth year: he had, from his birth, been deformed; but to those who had received him into their home and affections, his gentle disposition and affectionate heart soon made them forgetful of the marred figure of one in all else truly lovely.

At the time of the wreck, Mildred was scarcely more than a babe, and Maitland only

in his fourth year ; so Howard was soon the special companion, or rather playmate, of both. Though older than either, he yielded to their wishes in everything, and thus became their favourite, as well as playmate. Howard was too young to suffer long from the loss he had sustained, when, during the fearful storm, all connected with him were believed to have perished.

He asked often for his father and mother, during the first week or two which succeeded the wreck, even sometimes crying bitterly when the recollection of his parents seemed strongest ; but, after a little while, he ceased to speak of them. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lee could persuade him to call them by any title approaching these two dear words, "mother" and "father." Even a less endeared name was tried ; but only when reminded of it, would Howard ask his *aunt*, or *uncle*, for what he wished. So at last the subject ceased to be spoken of, and the few memories of his former home, which Howard had retained, were rarely referred to by any one. He had told Mr. Lee that his mother called him Howard Grey, therefore he still bore the same

name; and when closely questioned as to the cause of his being on the ship, he could only tell him, that they had gone to sea because he had been ill: this was the bare narrative which Mr. Lee drew from the boy, and after many attempts to discover some relatives of the child in America, gave himself up to the belief that he was indeed the only one who could claim the child.

Had he not thought Howard old enough to give some account of his own family, he would have pursued his inquiries further, and have advertised the rescue of the boy. But the fact of the ship having sailed from England, of its loss being known, and, connecting all that he had witnessed with Howard's story, made him feel satisfied that none very nearly connected were left to lament his loss.

So Howard remained with his guardian, who soon discovered that he had been most carefully trained. Sometimes, after Howard had lived at the Briers for several years, Mr. Lee would find himself wondering whether it were possible for him to have been the inheritor of any property in his own country, which Mr. Lee believed to be Scotland, from the

peculiar manner in which the child pronounced many familiar words ; but still, the entire absence of all inquiry from those who would have noticed the matter, led him to feel more and more sure that Howard was his own, and as his own child he loved him ; and although Maitland and his sister knew that he was not their brother, they were taught, by their parents' example and Howard's gentleness, to love him very dearly.

To this history Maitland listened, and felt conscious-smitten when his own rude treatment of Howard recurred to him ; and, with an impulse of his better nature, resolved to atone for it by constant love and truth towards Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee were, as you may imagine, faithful parents to these children. Both knew the responsibility they had accepted, in bringing Howard up side by side with Mildred and Maitland ; but Mr. Lee loved the affectionate boy too much to separate him from his family ; and thus it happened that the education of all had been carried on under Mr. Lee's own eye.

A large property in the city, belonging to

Mr. Lee, made him sometimes yield the enjoyment of his home at the Briers, for a more social life in the town; but he never remained long away from his beautiful country-seat: it was there that he had experienced the happy influences of nature, and he fancied his family would be guided by the same love, and prefer the quiet, well-ordered, yet thoroughly joyous, life at the Briers.

To a certain extent, he had been correct. Mildred delighted in the life they led; Howard openly expressed his admiration of everything around him, and seemed never so happy as when, in the depth of winter, he felt the breath of the north wind on his cheek, and watched it, in its course over the unbroken fields of snow, lift them in graceful drifts, or scoop out a pure, deep valley between the hills it had raised. There was a rare beauty to him in the scenery around the Briers, during the winter months. The dark fir-trees, wrapped in their white mantle, looked to him like monarchs in ermined robes: nor was there one winter's sport to which he was indifferent. He would glide for miles over the ice, on his glittering skates, at those hours

when other youths were only dreaming of such pleasures; and as the clear, cold air whistled by him, he felt new energy in his frame, and a brighter light seemed shed forth by the sun, and joyous dreams of the future made his heart beat high with hope. There was no lad so skilled in "coasting" as Howard; not one who so swiftly guided his sled over the polished ice on the hill-side, or who sooner replaced it at the brow of the hill, only to guide it once more to its base. While indulging in these healthful exercises, the morbid feelings which led him to shun all companionship were forgotten, and for hours he would yield himself with enthusiasm to their happy influence. In all these amusements, Maitland took but little interest: he was no lover of the bracing winter air; and while Howard gathered strength from its rude greeting, and even Mildred did not altogether shun it, he would linger at the fire-side, absorbed by the fascinating fictions of his favourite authors, or, at best, indulging in idle reveries of his future life.

Now, day-dreams are, in *themselves*, no evil; perhaps we have been blessed with the power

of anticipating the future for some good end : but the moment they are indulged in when active duty is required of us, they become a fearful temptation to sloth. They lead us away from God, and that dependence upon Him, which, while it teaches humility, exalts the soul, and makes it more in harmony with the glorious destiny prepared for those who trust their dearest hopes to One who is truly *a very present help in trouble* to every Christian soul. . But Maitland thought not of this : he loved himself, and to dream of distinction won without effort, of praise lavished on him from gentle and affectionate friends, and of high deeds performed without the needful preparation of self-denial or of suffering.

Thus his best years were passing by, and as yet little or nothing had been achieved. But the Briers must not be forgotten. June, so lovely from its mild atmosphere and wealth of roses, was making Mr. Lee's home unusually attractive. The Hermosa and Noisette, the Champany and Multiflora, were covered with bloom. The honeysuckle and woodbine yielded their fragrance to the lightest touch

of the breeze; and a thousand smaller plants were exquisitely arranged among those of larger growth, so that the eye never wearied as it rested on the varied colours and forms of our garden annuals.

CHAPTER III.

THE day had come when the archery prize was to be won. A large company assembled, quite early in the afternoon, at the Briers, and there joined the young archers, who had met an hour earlier, to practise together previous to their last trial.

There were, in all, only twelve; but these were looked on with a partial eye, by parents, friends, and sisters. The dress assumed for the occasion was altogether white, except a broad green sash, passing over one shoulder and under the other, finished by a heavy gold tassel. Large straw hats, with green rosettes, completed their costume.

Among the group of archers, you will be glad to hear that both Howard and Maitland were conspicuous. Maitland, for his beautiful face, which wore its brightest expression,

and seemed to indicate only a joyous disposition. The hair, that would blow over his forehead, and curl in close rings round his head, gave a graceful, unstudied air to his appearance, which, in other respects, almost betrayed a close imitator of men of extreme fashion.

Howard was there, too, with a happier countenance than was usual to him; and its gentle, intellectual expression amply atoned for the want of the regular features and brilliant complexion of Maitland. Howard's eyes were very beautiful, and fully deserved to be remembered in our present description. They were gray, and soft in their general expression; yet, when Howard was animated by some strong impulse, as he repeated a tale of heroism, or even recalled the memories of his early years, they seemed to gain both depth and lustre; and when first seen by any one at such moments, Howard was invariably pronounced handsomer than Maitland. The arrangement of the scarf was such as concealed his deformity, in a measure; and the kind greetings and warm welcome he received from all Mr. Lee's guests, made him

feel more at his ease than those who knew him well supposed could be the case.

At the appointed hour, the tones of a bugle called the young archers from their friends to the trial of their skill. Each one hastened to place his quiver at his belt, and try, for the last time, the strength of the bow he was to use. Then, as the bugle summoned them once more, they took their places opposite the target. This had been arranged on a little knoll, which elevated it, as well as the archers, considerably above the company who were grouped over the lawn. Above the target, the prize of the little company was displayed. It was a bow of considerable value, ornamented with gold, and bearing a small plate, which was already inscribed with the date, and only waited for the name of the successful candidate to be known, to receive it also. The lads were each provided with four arrows. Before the first arrow was shot, the rules of the day were read aloud by one of the judges of the sport, and, after hearing that the greatest number of good shots would win the coveted bow, the first of the little band drew all eyes to himself, by sending,

with sure hand, an arrow almost to the centre of the target. It was removed, and another youth tried his skill, and his arrow, too, reached the mark near the first. Another and another shot in turn, and shot well, until, for the first round, only Howard and Maitland remained. Had Maitland felt selfishly disposed on that day, he would have insisted on Howard shooting next, as it had been understood he was to do; but when Howard turned to him, and said—

“Maitland, my hand is unsteady, from cowardice, I fancy: do take my place, and I will shoot after you.”

He at once moved opposite to the target, and, with a skill which those on the lawn applauded highly, marked the centre of the target with *one* successful arrow. Howard followed him, and was not far behind Maitland in the position of his shaft. It grazed the very mark made by Maitland, and seemed so *entirely* the same, that, for a second, there was a little hesitation in deciding which had done the best; however, the palm, so far, became Maitland's, and so the judges announced. Once more the arrows flew in

quick succession: some passed the target, and a few, as if turned by some concealed obstacle, wavered ere they reached it, and finally fell in long curves to the right. Once more Maitland, and again Howard, tried; but Maitland failed, his bow-string broke as the arrow left it, and it fell half-way between him and the target. Howard calmly followed, and again his arrow held the centre. All felt that Howard must be the successful candidate, when a lad, whose slight frame seemed to unfit him for any continued exercise, and who, either from some forgetfulness of the rules, or perhaps fancying the arrow was withdrawn, shot in turn, and Howard's arrow was divided by his own, to the very head. "Well done, Clement!" was the response his action met; and Maitland, noticing, on the part of the judges, some hesitation as to whether it would be quite just to include such a shot among the rest, stepped forward, and begged, on behalf of Howard and the remainder of their companions, that it might be counted in the contest. The two arrows were carefully removed from the target, and were bound together by a ribbon, then laid

aside for the proud boy, as a trophy all were glad to have Clement Hamilton win.

The excitement this incident awakened was only an additional incentive to exertion. At the close of the third round, Maitland and Howard stood together in their success, Clement having taken the lead. One other trial remained for each, and with care and skill it was made; and, as the last arrow quivered in the target, Clement was acknowledged the victor, even before the judges declared their decision. But an unlooked-for occurrence at that moment turned all eyes towards one point. There was a shrill noise, not unlike the tones of a human voice, but sharper than they could be; and then a bird of enormous size was seen above the heads of the company, bearing a white and shrieking animal in its claws. None knew what the bird could be; but as its heavy wings flapped above them, they longed to rescue its victim. A dozen arrows were quickly seized by the eager youths from the pile beside the judges; but before they could be placed on the string, the bird's wings drooped, like the fall of a heavy sail, and it fell to the ground, transfixed by an

arrow, but by whom shot, none could then discover.

The bird proved to be an eagle, which, from hunger, possibly, had been driven down from its native rocks. The animal it carried was a small and favourite greyhound of Mrs. Lee's, and for a moment she fancied it was killed; it was, however, only terrified, and its side slightly torn, from the hold the bird had taken of it there.

The prize of the archery-club was forgotten, in the desire all felt to know whose hand had destroyed the bird; but, as each arrow that the judges had given up still rested by the bows of those who had so eagerly seized them, the inquiry seemed likely to be unsatisfied, until, at last, Mr. Lee missed Howard from the company, and, on asking for him, found that a few moments before he had left the lawn. A messenger was despatched, to ask him to return, and he at once complied with Mr. Lee's wish, although he would gladly have avoided the scene which awaited him.

"Howard," said his guardian, addressing him, "will you tell us whether it was from

your hand that this arrow was sent to release our pretty greyhound?"

Howard could only acknowledge his own act, when thus questioned; but when he saw the size of the bird, he could scarcely believe that his had been the only arrow to transfix it; and it was not until told that only one had been shot, that he received the congratulations of those around.

Mr. Gordon could not let this incident pass, as it seemed likely to do, merely as an accident; and he related to Mr. Lee the scene he had witnessed on the lawn, when Howard so earnestly strove to secure certain success by constant and exact practice. Such praise followed his relation as Maitland never once had won; and Howard, with a happy smile, turned to Mr. Gordon, and said—

"But you have not told of the watchword you then gave me, and which to-day has enabled me truly to enjoy the scenes which have given us all so much delight."

Then, turning from Mr. Gordon to those around, with a deep flush on his usually pale cheek, he added—

“To our dear pastor I am indebted for the pleasure this day has brought me: he it was who first taught, and still daily teaches me, the value of his own motto, that—‘*He can conquer who thinks he can.*’”

To this Mr. Gordon could not reply; and the little incident of the day's sports was followed by the announcement from the judges of the number of shots, all indicating some skill, and many just escaping entire excellence. The prize bow was loosened from its place over the target, and Clement Hamilton received it, with a few words of graceful acknowledgment. Then it was thought that all connected with the archery was at an end, when Mr. Lee, who had left the lawn unnoticed, was seen coming from the house, followed by a servant carrying a marble statuette, which was soon recognized as a copy of the famous and most perfect of ancient statues—the Apollo Belvidere. I will tell you, at some future time, how the heathen god was represented; but first you must know why it was thus brought forward.

Mr. Lee did not leave the company long in doubt. Calling Howard to him, he said—

“Take this figure, which you have so truly deserved, and let it be to you a reminder of the pleasure you have bestowed and received to-day. I have kept it for some weeks, meaning to offer it as a second prize to those who have recalled to me the merry days we read of in the songs of Robin Hood; but, above all others, you have won the right to possess it. Take it, Howard, as a proof of your guardian’s love and approbation.”

This was an unexpected pleasure, and perhaps there was a little envy mingled with the praise which followed Howard; but it did not betray itself in more than a few words like these: “Howard was lucky to have an arrow near him;” or, “Maitland would have done as well, if he had only seen the bird in time;”—two very true remarks, but hiding this lesson, even then, for Maitland and for all—That he who would win distinction must never be for a moment off his guard: for to the ready-strung bow, and the open eye, many a prize descends, which would be lost if time needed to be taken for preparation.

Mildred was overjoyed at Howard’s good fortune; and her brother, too, in spite of his

own disappointment, felt roused to admire the nobility of Howard's mind; and among all the congratulations offered on that day, perhaps none sounded so pleasantly to Howard as those of this dear brother and sister.

The remainder of the day and evening passed pleasantly to all; and at a late hour the company dispersed, with many expressions of delight. The Briers and its occupants were great favourites with all who knew them. Perhaps the acknowledgments made to an entertainer, as his guests depart for their homes, are rarely as sincere as those which usually followed a day or evening with Mr. and Mrs. Lee. Howard and Maitland remained together until almost day-dawn, discussing the various scenes they had witnessed, and in which they had taken part. Howard heard from Maitland various little incidents which he had either altogether lost or overlooked; and among these was a proposition, which all had entered into with pleasure, to meet during the following week at Mr. Hamilton's country-seat, a short distance only from the Briers. In the interval, all proper arrangements were to be made by Mr. Hamilton,

for a visit to a famous waterfall and cave, some miles to the south of their homes. But few of the company invited had ever visited this spot. It was removed from the usual route chosen for driving, and thus, from various causes, nearly all had deferred seeing these objects of interest. Now that the plan had been suggested, it was eagerly entered into, and the two lads looked forward with delight to the day named.

Mildred, the next morning, also expressed her pleasure warmly. There was nothing more pleasant to her than the enjoyment of a day such as she then anticipated; and, in spite of the fatigue such pleasures bring with them, none looked back with a happier feeling than she, when they had passed.

Life, at the Briers, was not passed in idleness by any but Maitland, and even he would sometimes be roused to exertion. A morning or two after the archery meeting, however, found all a little indisposed to active employment: the day was not very bright, and outdoor exercise seemed rather forbidden than encouraged by it.

A package of new books from England had

been received within the week, but no notice had been taken of them, in the excitement preceding the trial of the young archers' skill. So that everything seemed to invite Howard and Maitland to remain at home; and even Mr. Lee yielded to the wish Maitland had expressed, and determined to give up a proposed drive to the city.

It was a day of promised enjoyment to all. Soon after breakfast, they assembled in the library—a room opening out on the lawn, and embracing a wide view, which included a little portion of the stream that bounded the Briers on one side. This was the favourite room of the family, when all met, as at this time. Mr. Lee found occupation, generally, in reading aloud, while his daughter and Mrs. Lee employed themselves with needlework; and Howard and Maitland amused themselves either with drawing, or chess, or with the arrangement of some of the many *curiosities* they were fond of collecting.

This day, Howard and Maitland, taking their position far enough from Mr. Lee to be beyond the reach of his voice, were soon lost in a game of chess. Maitland was

acknowledged as a much better player than Howard, and in his movements of his pieces he betrayed a degree of skill and foresight rarely attained by the young player. Howard was fond of the game, but less so than Maitland; but when the latter challenged him to play, he never declined the encounter, yielding rather to Maitland's wish than to his own, in this, as in all else.

Mr. Lee read aloud from the agreeable book of travels he had chosen; but his voice did not disturb the two lads, who sat in the shadow of the deep bay window, altogether absorbed by the perils of *queens, castles, and knights*, guarding them as the hostages for the kings' more precious lives. You might have noticed a little irritation in Maitland's manner, as Howard pressed his pieces closely against one of Maitland's most important men. The game went on. Mr. Lee laid down his book, as Mrs. Lee had been summoned from the room by a domestic. Mildred had been standing for some moments watching the two youths, rather than their game, for she saw that Maitland was irritated; and as she looked on Howard's calm countenance, she could not

overcome a feeling of sadness, which seemed to speak to her of future suffering for her brother, ere his countenance might wear the gentle expression of Howard's.

Mr. Lee quietly took his stand near Mildred: his eye followed hers, as it turned from the board to Howard, and then to Maitland; and then, as he saw the lovely face of his daughter, he rejoiced in the blessings that had followed him through life. But there was, at last, a sudden interruption to this happy scene. Maitland's impetuous temper could not bear the trial of seeing one piece after another removed from its place by Howard's unusually skilful play; so that when, at length, with a delighted tone, Howard said—

“Checkmate! For once I have conquered you!”

Maitland, with a passionate hand, swept every piece from the table, leaving some of them broken on the floor, the rest rudely heaped together; then, pushing the table from him, with evident anger, he leaped through the open window, and before any words could be spoken, had reached the woods at the foot of the lawn.

Mildred and her father could not realize that Maitland's irritability proceeded from so small a cause as the loss of a game, played with the certainty that, if one party gained, the other must necessarily lose. There was a selfishness in such conduct, which neither of them could understand.

This scene occurred more rapidly than I can tell you of it; so that, when Mrs. Lee returned, after a few moments' absence, to the library, she was amazed to find Howard sitting alone, looking pale and sad, by the chess-table, and Mildred and her father speaking in amazement and reproof of Maitland.

"Where is your brother?" she asked, with that heavy feeling which the thought of a child's misconduct ever brings to the mother's heart.

"Gone to the woods," Mr. Lee answered, "and in anger against our unoffending Howard;" and as he spoke, Mr. Lee laid his hand on the boy's head, as though he would have atoned for Maitland's rudeness.

Mrs. Lee did not need to ask the cause of his anger—the empty chess-board and

scattered pieces told enough ; and, with a deep sigh, she said—

“ My poor misguided child little knows the sorrow he gives us all by such conduct.”

“ No ; nor yet,” added Mr. Lee, “ does he know the bitter sorrow he is laying up for himself in the future. Such violence of temper must be overcome, if he would know any true happiness in life.”

For a little while the party lingered in the library ; but the joyous spirit which had at first animated them was gone. Mr. Lee at last closed the volume he had resumed, and remained for a time silently thinking of his son's conduct.

Mildred had tried to continue her sewing ; but every now and then tears would fill her eyes, and at last she put her work by, and left the room. Howard had remained at the chess-table, with his head leaning against it. He felt himself almost as guilty as Maitland : had he not, he thought, pushed his advantage so far, when he knew he must irritate Maitland, if in the end successful, there would not have been this sudden outbreak of anger. But then the thought followed, “ Can I be

true to myself, if I yield each feeling to the uncertain guidance of Maitland's whims?"

Howard was no self-deceiver. He did not leave his seat until he had looked into his own heart, and found the cause of his pleasure in saying "Checkmate" to Maitland; and when he saw that it had delighted him to make Maitland feel that he could equal, and even surpass him, a mingled feeling of shame and contrition followed. He traced the poisonous influence of vanity back to its source, and knew that, unsuspected to himself, it had sprung to life on the day Maitland had taunted him with his inability to perform any action, save by "plodding perseverance." Vanity had led him to stand with Maitland as a competitor for the archery-prize; it had made him rejoice in the triumphs of that day; and now its evil effects were visible in his own pale face, and the saddened hearts of his best friends.

The motto he had received from Mr. Gordon might be used to both a good and bad end. In these moments of self-examination, Howard saw how far it had misguided him, and, for an instant, he tremblingly determined

to think of it no more. But, at that instant, this passage from the Scriptures crossed his mind—“*When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.*”

In these words, he saw the secret of such victory as would end well for himself and for those he loved. Conquer he might, under the banner supported by the Spirit of God. And as he thought of all the blessings these few holy words foretold—of a struggle, face to face, with a powerful enemy, and, if he were to stand *alone* against him, overwhelming as a flood; yet, if he sought for victory under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, of sure and unending conquest—was it not enough to lead his mind on to scenes of happiness and rest? The trial of temptation bravely met, the enemy overthrown, and above and around him the standard of his God,—truly, with such aid, “He can conquer who thinks he can,” for the Spirit is promised to all who seek it. Yet the thrill of joy, which told of Howard’s hope, died away, as he remembered how he had thought of such scenes before, and when the enemy had come, that he had sought to over-

throw him in his own strength, unaided by prayer.

Bitterly did he reproach himself for having provoked Maitland to anger; and Mr. Lee's kind manner seemed to him almost a reproach: for he felt it was undeserved.

Mrs. Lee had gone out upon the lawn, hoping to meet Maitland, and win from him some evidence of regret for his passionate conduct. But Maitland was nowhere to be found. In fact, he had walked so rapidly, that, almost before he was conscious of his own movements, he had left the mansion far behind him. Mrs. Lee waited for a little while, in the hope of his return, but finding he did not come, she entered the house, and on her way to her own chamber, was startled by the sound of sobbing in Mildred's room. On opening the door, she saw Mildred seated by the table, with her face buried in her hands, weeping violently.

Mrs. Lee imagined but too readily the cause of her daughter's sorrow, yet she could not bear to think that the sin of one child should thus darken the happiest hours in the life of the other. For a moment she

paused, uncertain whether to speak to Mildred, or to pass on to her own apartment in silence. But she felt unwilling to leave her daughter in such a mood; and, therefore, said to her—

“Surely, my child, Maitland’s conduct, sad as it is, ought not thus to grieve you: it may be, that the sorrow he has caused us to-day will show him the necessity of curbing his wilful and impatient temper. And we must be very watchful that no hindrance to his desire to do better be placed before him by us.”

“O mother! it is not only for Maitland’s evil temper that I have grieved to-day, but for the sorrow such impatience causes Howard. Maitland seems to forget the circumstances of Howard’s life which placed him with us, and the need there is for us to be more thoughtful of his feelings, than if he were less dependent on us. Twice, within a few weeks, Howard has been deeply grieved by Maitland’s angry and scornful manner; and I cannot help sorrowing, when I think of all Maitland has promised, and all the sorrow he has expressed, after each scene of anger

on his part, and forgiveness on the part of Howard."

For a moment, Mrs. Lee felt as if an injustice had been done her son; but when she recollected Mildred's clear judgment, and the deep love she felt for her brother, she could not doubt the truth of what she heard. It was with a heavy heart that she pondered on the actions of Maitland, and with sorrow saw the only course by which the happiness of all might still be preserved. She only remained for a few more moments with Mildred, trying to find some excuse in words for Maitland, though she could not fail, in spite of her motherly love, to feel that he had been guilty of injustice and anger, to an extent she had believed impossible.

The dinner-hour came at length, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee, with Howard and Mildred, met in the dining-room. But none of them had seen Maitland since the scene in the library; and Mr. Lee determined that no messenger should be sent after his son, believing that a day of solitude might prove of lasting benefit to him. Dinner passed almost in silence. At its close, Howard asked Mr. Lee, rather

abruptly, what plan of future study was determined on for him.

"I have no other wish, Howard, than the one I expressed not long since to you. You may pursue your studies either at home or in college, as you may prefer. I feel sure you will be no laggard over your books." This was said with the kind tone Howard loved to hear Mr. Lee use; but it did not quite satisfy him, and he repeated the question, almost in the same words.

Mr. Lee answered—

"Let me know what your own wishes are, and perhaps I may be able to make my plans agree with them."

Howard, for a second, could not speak: the words he would have uttered died on his lips; and only after a great effort, he at length said—

"I have but *one* wish, Mr. Lee; and if I could feel sure you would not consider me ungrateful, I would not fear to speak it; but if I say, what I must tell you ere long, do not believe—though I may seem unmindful of your past kindness—that I am, or ever can be, ungrateful."

“Let me hear what you would say, Howard: I promise to judge your motives kindly,” Mr. Lee sadly answered; for he felt sure Maitland’s conduct was the cause of Howard’s determination to make a request he evidently feared to express.

“Will you permit me to study in college, or wherever you may please to place me, *alone*. I do not make this request in anger, my dearest friend, against Maitland; but because I feel that, for his sake, far more than for my own, for a time, at least, we shall be happier apart. In making this request, I would beg that Maitland may not know of it. The fact of our choosing different professions, may be sufficient reason for our being separated in our first studies.”

Howard could say no more: he was too deeply grieved by Maitland’s conduct, which had rendered his present request necessary, to attempt to justify his conduct; and Mr. Lee, also, was silent, from the mortification Maitland caused him.

He did not then reply to Howard’s wish, but promised to talk with him before they retired; and in the interval both Mrs. Lee and himself

thought seriously of the proposal that Howard had made, and which they had each previously felt would become necessary.

And where was Maitland, while the members of his own family were thus forced to condemn him? He had walked rapidly, after leaving the library, until he reached the boundaries of the Briers; then he threw himself on the grass, and thought over the scene which had just passed.

Do not think that there was any self-accusation mingled with his reflections: for he silenced the voice of conscience; reproached Howard, for having twice within the week triumphed over his ill success; accused his father, mother, and even Mildred, of loving Howard better than himself; fancied his father had wronged him, in bringing Howard to live with them; and finally, in a sad state of jealous and angry feeling, ventured to scorn the gift of life which God had given him, and, with more vehemence than he knew he had used, wished that he had died before he had known Howard.

I need not tell you of the sin there *ever* is in the indulgence of angry passions; but

doubly are they to be blamed, when they thus lead the heart to rebel against the providence of our heavenly Father. Life is his gift, and we dare not despise it. If, as its close draws near, we could recall all the unholy passions that have deformed its beauty, I fancy we should shrink most terrified before the anger which, while our souls were yielding to the influences of sin, had made us desire, in the very act of sinning, to stand before the pure, all-seeing God.

Of all this Maitland had been told. He had been warned to restrain his temper, before he had suffered some terrible punishment from it, but in vain: he rarely struggled long against it; and, when reminded of his sin, would often answer, that he had been born with this temper, and he was not to blame for being passionate.

Fearful words, to be spoken by a human soul against its Maker.

But Maitland's angry exclamation had been overheard: Mr. Gordon had been near him; and as, on a former occasion, he had encouraged Howard to perseverance, he now endeavoured to awaken Maitland to a proper

sense of his misconduct. He spoke long and seriously, almost sternly, of Maitland's conduct; but his words made but little impression on the lad's mind.

Then Mr. Gordon reminded him of Howard's orphan state, and of his loveliness of disposition, and tried by every possible method to call forth some generous or forgiving spirit in Maitland, but all was in vain; and at length, finding that Maitland's anger seemed rather to increase while he remained with him, he left him, with a severe rebuke.

This certainly did not tend to improve Maitland's unhappy mood. He had really made himself miserable; and now he looked on his own state as the most wretched in the world. How much longer these thoughts might have overcome him, I cannot tell; but, almost at the same moment in which Mr. Gordon parted from him, he heard his own name repeated, and in another moment Mildred was by his side.

Her face was disfigured by weeping, and her brother felt guilty, as he saw that she had suffered on his account.

Maitland loved nothing on earth so dearly as his sister ; and when she said to him—

“ Maitland, why have you thus yielded to this unhappy temper ? ” he was subdued instantly, and, throwing himself on the ground, was not ashamed to let Mildred see him weep.

For a second, his sister stood looking sadly at him ; then she knelt down beside him, and, with all the kindness and affection she ever showed him, spoke of the sad day they had passed at the Briers, of Howard’s regret that he should have provoked him to anger, and of his parents’ sorrow. What a scene was thus called forth ! Through the influence of one ungoverned moment of passion, sorrow had filled the heart of each member of Maitland’s family, and this through the sin he had scarcely sought to resist.

Mildred did not attempt to leave him until she saw that he was truly penitent for his misconduct. She did not wish to remain with him long, for she thought silence would be better for him than any words that she could use ; but just as she prepared to return to the Briers, a storm broke, which had been gathering for several hours. The sharp, rattling

thunder for a moment terrified her; then, as the lightning flashed over the sky, she could not help wishing that they had both returned to the house earlier; but the storm became so violent, that they did not venture to do more than to hasten to a small bark summer-house, which Mr. Lee had placed in a little open spot, commanding a fine view through the well-arranged openings in the woods. They had hardly reached it before the rain began to fall rapidly. The thunder was frightful: it seemed to peal immediately over their heads, then roll echoing over the whole heaven, while the lightning glanced around them continually. Never before had they witnessed such a storm, and for a time they felt they never could remain exposed to it; but there was no other place of shelter near, and they were forced to wait until its violence had somewhat abated. But during the time they continued in the summer-house, the lightning, which had been fearfully vivid, seemed suddenly to illuminate the entire woods. The thunder, at the same instant, burst in long, reverberating peals; and, as Maitland and Mildred clung to each other, with their eyes

covered from the lightning's glow, two fine oaks, which had stood side by side for many years, were shivered to the roots, and fell, with a heavy crash, to the earth. The noise startled both Mildred and her brother; and, with a feeling of awe, Maitland noticed the short distance between them and the fallen trees. A few feet nearer, and death would have been inevitable. Sick with terror, they both were silent for a time; then, as if moved by a common impulse, they knelt, with their faces buried in their hands, each offering a secret prayer, until the storm had died away, and the thunder was muttering at a distance, as though silenced before some power it could not resist. Then only did they dare to look up; but the whole scene had so changed, that, but for the noble trees lying across the path, they might have fancied their terror had proceeded merely from an evil imagination. But, with such a witness of the danger they had escaped, they could not altogether enjoy the beautiful freshness of everything around them. Almost in silence they returned to the house, as the sun was setting in a mass of purple and crimson clouds. Everything

seemed renewed in beauty; and had there been no recollection of sin to disturb Maitland's enjoyment, there could scarce have been a happier person. As it was, he could only feel painfully conscious of having destroyed his own peace of mind.

Neither Maitland nor his sister had been missed during the continuance of the storm. Its violence had filled all with a sense of present danger, which had occupied their minds too much for any other thoughts to find place.

Maitland entered the library alone, for Mildred had been obliged to wait to speak to a servant in the hall. Neither his mother nor father addressed him as he crossed the room; and Howard, who was standing by the open window, watching the beautiful changes of the sky, was too much absorbed to notice him.

A sense of shame prevented Maitland from addressing any one; and, with a hasty glance at the sorrowful countenances of his parents, he turned to one of the book-cases, and for a few moments appeared busy in selecting a particular volume. Having found what he seemed to want, he once more crossed to the

door by which he had entered, and passed through it in silence. He did not know that his father had followed him, and he started violently, as he heard him say—

“Maitland, if your temper has left you calm enough to listen to what I wish to say, come with me to my study.”

The tone in which these words were uttered was grave, and almost stern. Never before had Maitland been addressed in such a manner by his father, and he felt that for no common offence would he thus have spoken to him.

He followed his father in silence to his study, and, as the door closed upon them, he waited to hear what Mr. Lee wished to say. He did not remain long in suspense. His father, after saying a few words on the guilt there ever was in yielding to an unhappy temper, continued—

“In a few weeks, Maitland, you will commence your college life. From what you have told me, I believe I am only consulting your wishes, in placing you where your studies will all be, in a measure, preparative to your duties as a lawyer.”

And this was all Maitland was to know of

the next three years of his life: it sounded like a culprit's sentence to him, and a thousand questions rose to his lips, but one only of all of them could he utter.

"And Howard?" he said.

Mr. Lee only replied—

"I can no longer consent to expose one I had hoped you would treat as a brother, to the violence and insults of your ungoverned temper."

And this was all. Oh! how Maitland loathed himself, as he felt he indeed merited the punishment! His vanity, even, was overcome, before the rebukes of his awakened conscience.

For a moment, he longed to plead for a lighter punishment; but before he could speak, his father had left him to meditate on his passion and its reward.

Bitter, indeed, were Maitland's reflections; and as he threw himself on a low seat, without one pleasant thought to console him, he learned more of his own heart than he had ever before known.

Presently, however, he was disturbed. Mr. Gordon, who had been paying a visit at the

Briers, asked for Maitland; and, as he noticed the sad expression on Mr. Lee's face, said—

“I trust nothing has grown out of Maitland's passion this morning, to give you any deep cause for unhappiness.”

“I have just left him in my study,” Mr. Lee answered; “and if you wish to judge of the effects of his temper, Mr. Gordon, perhaps you will be kind enough to speak to him there; although I do not think he is in a mood to enjoy even your pleasant visits.”

“This is sad, very sad news to me, my good friend,” Mr. Gordon replied. “I saw Maitland in the woods this morning, and then rebuked him severely for his evident anger; but I will see him now, and perhaps he will be more willing to listen to me than he was then.”

So saying, he left the drawing-room, and went alone to Mr. Lee's study.

As he glanced at Maitland, he saw that he was truly grieving, and in a kind tone he addressed him. He did not chide him, nor even refer to the evil effects of anger; but after a few kind words in regard to their meeting in the woods, which, however, fully recalled to

Maitland his own passionate conduct, he talked of the storm which had so lately raged, and, in a grateful manner, spoke of the Almighty hand which guided and controlled the awful elements.

Was it in Mr. Gordon's mind to lead Maitland to seek the guidance of the same Hand, to control his own evil passions? It may have been: at all events, Maitland was conscious of his need of a power greater than his own, to enable him to overcome them. Sad it was for him then, and ever after, that this consciousness did not lead him to call for help.

Mr. Gordon talked long with Maitland, and, as he rose to leave, said to him, almost as he had done to Howard—

“Let me see, on your part, my dear child, constant effort to overcome this evil disposition. Aided by prayer, you will find these words most true—‘That he can conquer who thinks he can;’—and now I must leave you;” and, with the fervent blessing which he always gave to the young people of his charge, he bade Maitland good-bye.

Oh! that his knee had then been bent in prayerful and repentant acknowledgment of

his sins ! But the lesson of sorrow was not fully learned ; and, strong only through his own resolve, he returned to the library, where the family were all again assembled.

He did not hesitate, as he met Howard, to offer him his hand, and say—

“ If you can once more forgive me, I promise that I will not again offend you, as I have done to-day.” Then, without waiting to hear Howard’s reply, he turned to his father and mother, and asked them, also, to overlook his conduct.

Maitland’s vanity was roused once more, as he saw the joy with which his apology was received ; and, although he did not altogether lose the recollection of the morning’s misconduct, his remembrance was less vivid of the hatefulness of sin.

Mr. Gordon’s words lingered in his mind ; and, with the exultant feeling which only becomes the conqueror, he determined to test the worth of the motto, and show his family, that “ *He can conquer who thinks he can.*”

CHAPTER IV.

MORE than two months had passed since the conversation of which I told you occurred between Mr. Lee and his son, and the day on which Maitland was to leave his home for the first time, and commence his college life, had come. Very sad were the partings between Maitland and the various members of his father's family. His heart was heavy, when, after the last words had been spoken, he took his seat by his father in the carriage which was to carry them a short distance on their journey. They had scarcely left the Briers before they saw the venerable figure of their pastor standing by the road-side, evidently awaiting some person's approach.

As his eye caught sight of the carriage, he moved towards it, and Mr. Lee ordered the coachmen to stop for a moment, as Mr. Gordon

crossed the road to speak to Maitland and himself.

A few words were exchanged between Mr. Lee and Mr. Gordon, and then the latter turned to Maitland, and said—

“A new life is beginning for you, my dear boy; let me hear of you as pursuing your duties in it earnestly. I have already given you a motto, which may sometimes renew your courage, when, from constant effort, it may begin to fail; and, that you may not forget either it or me, I wish you to take this little gift with you; and now, as they have ever been, my last words to you are a blessing.”

So saying, Mr. Gordon, with evident emotion, parted from the two travellers, and was soon lost to sight, from a turn in the road.

Maitland could not be indifferent to the constant kindness and watchful attention of the minister; and, as he opened the little package Mr. Gordon had placed in his hands, he wished, as he had often done, that he might become all that his friends desired.

Mr. Gordon's gift was a handsome agate seal, heavily set in gold. The stone was engraved with Maitland's initials, and the setting bore

the motto, with the date. It was a pretty thing in itself, and, associated as it was with the faithful love of Mr. Gordon, became very precious to Maitland.

But the carriage had been moving rapidly on, and it had reached the landing where the boat, which was to convey them to the end of their journey, was lying.

The bustle of arrangement and departure amused Maitland; and, in the novelty of the scene around him, he quite forgot the painful impressions made by his farewell to his mother, sister, and Howard.

In a short time, the boat was moving out into the bay; and, as it glided noiselessly and swiftly past the great ships which lined the harbour as far as the eye could see, Maitland was more and more delighted with the opportunity he enjoyed of witnessing scenes altogether new to him.

They remained on the boat for the greater part of the day; but before they reached the city where their journey was to end, Maitland longed for the quiet of his home, and the dear smiles on his mother's face.

He was almost wearied out, when at length

the boat touched the wharf, and among the first to spring ashore were Maitland and his father. A quiet night at a hotel relieved him of his fatigue; but he became very sad as he remembered that, before the next morning, his father would have left him, and his life among strangers would have begun. But scarcely had these thoughts made him feel sorrowful, before they were followed by many that had their origin only in vanity.

Maitland thought of the impression he might possibly make, first, by his appearance and good manner—for he had been complimented upon both; and then he fancied the amazement that would be shown at his knowledge of Greek, and indeed of all the studies he believed himself familiar with,—for I have told you, that a truthful examination into his own defects formed no part of his character.

The day passed rapidly. The college was first visited, and Maitland was delighted at the evident acknowledgment of respect with which his father was received. He did not understand the influence which a calm temper always exercises over the whole character, and gives to the person possessing it a supe-

riority sought for in vain by those who have it not.

i From the college, after every arrangement had been made for Maitland's comfort and happiness, so far as it could be controlled by another than himself, they visited every object of note in the city: and had Maitland been a little less occupied with himself, he might have received much knowledge.

There was a varied collection, of rare value, attached to an institution of some importance; and Mr. Lee passed several hours in examining its beautiful marbles, shells, and fossils; but, after having glanced at the few statues, which occupied a room apart, Maitland wandered into an adjoining library, and was soon lost in the pages of a new and popular romance.

Thus every opportunity of improvement was squandered by this well-meaning, but most unhappy youth; and his life was passing, without any good being effected. He was not conscious that he was guilty of the sin of burying the talents given to him to improve, like the slothful servant in the gospel, nor was he conscious that the same fearful punish-

ment awaited him, unless he roused himself, and redeemed the time by watchfulness and prayer.

Mr. Lee remained with Maitland until the next morning, and then bade him good-bye, with many affectionate charges in regard to his future conduct.

Although the departure of his father saddened Maitland for a time, he soon found amusement and occupation among his companions, and saw, also, that he had not miscalculated the effect that his handsome face and graceful manner would produce upon them; and almost before the close of the first week of his absence from home, he found himself holding a position in the college very flattering to his vanity. The fact of his father being wealthy, may have had some effect in elevating him in the opinion of his new friends; but, if this were so, he was unconscious of it, and received the attentions which were offered to him, as though they had been truly his right.

Among those who early acquired much influence over Maitland, was a young man, who really possessed not one good quality to en-

title him to his regard. The effect of his example was soon visible in Maitland's reckless conduct, and it seemed as if no good would result from his college life. But, even then, one kind counsellor was found, and he, too, in strong contrast to the young man of whom I have just spoken, was hailed as a welcome companion by Maitland. There seemed to be two natures in the boy—as, indeed, there are in all of us—one good, and the other evil. Swayed most frequently by the evil, Maitland's life seemed destined to be truly unhappy; but there were hours when good influences would prevail over him, and then, for a time, he would struggle to regain all that he had lost.

In consequence of his frequent neglect of his studies while with Mr. Gordon, Maitland found, when entering upon his college duties, that he ranked very far below many of his own age, who had been blessed with fewer advantages than himself. He was deeply mortified, on one occasion, by his inability to reply to a casual question asked by one of the professors. His ignorance of the subject led to a series of questions, to not one of which

could he give any satisfactory reply. His vanity suffered sadly, as he saw, by the glances that passed among the class, that he was rapidly losing the place in their good opinion that he so lately and entirely held. He could not recover himself, however; and when the class was dismissed, he passed from the room alone, evidently the subject of humiliating remarks among his class-mates. More mortified than ever in his life before, he hastened to his own apartment, and, closing the door violently, threw his books on the table, and then, seating himself by it, he buried his head in his hands, and tried to shut out all recollection of the painful scene he had passed through.

It was in vain that he closed his eyes: the scornful looks of his companions still were visible to him; and, in an angry and revengeful mood, he determined that he would yet surpass them all. He had spoken his resolve aloud, and was far too much absorbed by his own thoughts, to be conscious that the door of his room had opened, and that Edward Warren, the worthless friend he had chosen, stood by him. Least of all, though

he called Edward a friend, would he have wished him to witness the effect produced by his defeat in the class; but it was too late for him even to desire this, for Edward said—

“You are right, Maitland: I *would* show them what I could do, if I were you.”

Perhaps it was well that Maitland did not look up as his friend spoke. Had he done so, the flattering words which he next uttered would have made less impression.

“Yes,” continued Edward; “there is not one among them who can in any respect be considered your superior.”

Such words were too much in accordance with Maitland’s own thoughts, to prove disagreeable; and though, as he rose from the seat by the table, he said, “You flatter me, Edward,” the tone in which he spoke implied that the flattery was a balm to his wounded vanity.

“No; you know me too well to believe that I could flatter. But let me hear what all this was about, for I did not wait to hear the story, being very anxious to see you, and hear it from your own lips.”

As Edward said this, a triumphant smile

crossed his face. He wanted Maitland to repeat the tale he had already heard, that he might best discover the weakness of his mind. He was fully satisfied of his own power, when, after Maitland had told all that had passed in the class-room, and his anger and desire for revenge were again roused, he passed his arm through his friend's, and said—

“Come with me to the green: the students are all there, and it will show them how little you heed what has passed, if you so soon can face them again.”

Edward did not say that, after first hearing the story, he had boasted that he could soothe Maitland's anger, and bring him out among the students before an hour had passed; but such was the truth: and, as arm-in-arm the two crossed the green, to join a large party engaged at playing ball, Maitland believed that the cheer with which they were welcomed was a mark of good feeling towards himself, and he whispered to his friend—

“They are not quite as unkind as I thought them: but yet I will carry the honour-mark off from them, if it be only to show that I am not to be laughed at with impunity.”

"That's only right, and only a fair use of your motto, you know," he answered; for, in the many visits Edward had made to Maitland's room, he had often seen Mr. Gordon's parting gift, and had heard the story of the archery-meeting, with Howard's application of the same words.

As they stood among the students, more than one hand was extended towards Maitland; for his companions had resolved, after he left them, that his failure, as he had only been a few weeks in the college, should be overlooked. Had it not been for Edward's determination to show Maitland how *sincerely* he *pitied* him for the mortification he had endured, the circumstance would, in all probability, have been forgotten.

But Edward had determined to keep the affair fresh in Maitland's mind; so, after they had stood for a short time watching the party of young men, who were constantly on the alert to prevent the ball from falling to the ground, he drew Maitland aside, and said—

"I am tired of this child's play; let us go to my room, and see if we cannot find more manly amusement."

His companion, though interested in the game, did not attempt to resist Edward's wish, and followed him accordingly, though with a less rapid step than usual. They had nearly reached Edward's apartment, when Frank Shelton, the second friend of Maitland, met, and thus addressed him—

"Have you read your letters yet, Maitland? and are all well at home? Mine are full of good news, and I claim your congratulations thereon!"

"Letters, Frank!" Maitland exclaimed: "I verily believe I am forgotten by the estimable people at the Briers. You must be in a tantalizing mood, to ask *me* the question you have just proposed, when you know I have had but one letter from home since I have been here."

Edward's arm had been dropped by Maitland as Frank addressed him; and when the latter said—

"But I saw a pile of letters at the office for you, that I envied you for receiving; and would have brought them with me, had I been less selfishly absorbed by my own:" Maitland turned to Edward, and begged him to accompany him to the office.

But, for this time, Edward knew that he would have no more influence over his companion; so, saying something about a forgotten engagement, he hastened to his room.

"You shall not want for company, Maitland," Frank laughingly said, "if you will be satisfied with mine;" and, as his offer was gladly accepted, the two were soon on their way to possess the longed-for letters.

The friendship of Frank Shelton for Maitland was entirely disinterested. Older than Maitland by several years, he saw that, among new scenes and new companions, he would be exposed to many temptations, into which, from ignorance, he would be apt to fall.

Knowing this, and being attracted by Maitland's beauty and winning manner, he was quickly known as the friend of the newcomer.

Had it been said by any one in the college, that Frank had assumed the office of adviser to the youth, Maitland would at once have rejected every offer of his friendship; but the counsel that he gave seemed to be only the repetition of his earlier experience; so Maitland gladly listened to it, and thus was led

sometimes to avoid the evil he would otherwise have blindly pursued. In their walk, on this occasion, Frank opened his own letter from home, and read to his friend several passages from it. Nearly all of them spoke warmly of the pleasure that his family received from the sure knowledge of his attention and rapid progress, and in all was some expression of joy at the prospect there was of having him, ere long, near them altogether.

"You will think me very vain, I fear, Maitland," Frank said; "but you don't know how these dear letters from home make me strive to be all that my parents wish. After reading them, life-long virtue and fame seem almost within my grasp."

As Frank finished speaking, Maitland looked with admiration on the manly countenance of his friend; and, as he watched the colour deepen on his cheek, and saw his dark eyes become more beautiful than ever, under the influence of such pure enthusiasm, the words of the motto crossed his mind, and his own cheek flushed with a sense of shame, as he recalled the cause of his own absence from his

home; and he spoke his thoughts at the moment truly, as he said—

“I fear the ‘life-long virtue and fame,’ so dear to you, Frank, will always elude my search. I have dreamed, too, of a life devoted to noble aims, and to-day’s experience shows me how vain for me such dreams are.”

Had Frank known Maitland’s character better, he would not have answered him as he did, telling him, “That one day’s loss did not betoken a life-long failure, and that, with the talents he possessed, victory was almost assured to him without effort.”

These words were false—so false, that, could Frank Shelton have really understood their worthlessness, he would never have used them.

He learned, in after years, that no victory, worthy of so high a name, is ever gained without a struggle. With some, the strife is easy; but with others, the victory is only won after the path to it has been marked with the life-blood of the victor. Foes ever gather round the standard of success; and only to the strong arm, unshrinking eye, and faith, does the trophy fall. But the cause is a noble one;

and when the war-cry is truth, whether for the lightest or the deepest objects of the heart's affections, who would refuse to answer the cry, and die, if need be, in defence of the cause ! But the office was within sight, and eagerly Maitland hastened to demand his letters. There was, indeed, a large package ; and with delight, and perfect unconsciousness of Frank's congratulations, his eye rapidly took in the contents of the well-filled pages.

The last letter he opened was from Howard, and told Maitland of his departure for a college in a city near the Southern States. Howard had been already absent from Mr. Lee's for two weeks, and his letter bespoke no discontent, no idle longings for the quiet of Mr. Gordon's study, or the kindness of the family at the Briers. Howard had commenced his college life with the noble motto of Mr. Gordon firmly fixed in his mind. He had tried its worth, and knew when to think of it rightly.

In the package was a kind note from Mr. Gordon, filled with messages from many of Maitland's friends, and closing with such advice as Maitland's mood prepared him to

receive kindly. When all his letters had been read, he turned laughingly to Frank, and said—

“Now you may congratulate me, and talk of virtue and fame, if you wish, for my enthusiasm is roused, like your own, and I intend to perform wonders.”

“Or rather,” said Frank, “you mean to be wondered at; for, in truth, you must be industrious, to redeem the name you are rapidly gaining in the college.”

For the first time, perhaps, for years, Maitland quietly submitted to an open rebuke, and good-humouredly replied—

“I will take you for a model, my good friend Frank. The Pattern of the college will, perhaps, reform the Idler.”

“The reform must be effected by your own skilful hands, Maitland,” was Frank’s serious reply.

“Don’t be quite so grave, then, about it, Shelton, if you please, or I will not even look at the ‘pattern,’ much less imitate him,” Maitland answered; and then the conversation turned on other topics, and, after a long and most agreeable walk, they once more entered the college grounds.

It spoke well for Frank's influence over his friend, that the next three hours were passed in solitary and intense study; then, tossing a heavy volume aside, over which he had been poring, Maitland again mingled with his fellow-students, and no jest was more keen, nor any laugh lighter than his, among the many who formed his most immediate companions.

Such was Maitland's conduct in the midst of the most precious opportunities; but, for a long time after his defeat in his class, no collegiate seemed more in earnest than he.

Stimulated to unusual and long-continued devotion to his books, he was soon ranked among the best students in his class. But such distinction was not enough for his insatiable vanity, and he longed to be first in all the college. Had his studies been pursued with a better motive, he would have gained far more than he was in the end able to secure. He would have been assured that his slothful nature was subdued, by a proper desire to use aright every means of improvement offered to him; and in the lawful employment of the talents bestowed on

him, he would indeed have insured his own future happiness.

Months rolled by: Edward Warren was less frequently associated with Maitland, while daily Frank Shelton's influence over him increased. No longer the object of contempt in the college, Maitland was enjoying to the utmost the pleasures of popularity.

The professors praised him on all occasions; and even Frank's unfailing studiousness and good conduct were less frequently commended than his. It was a pleasant realization of his motto to Maitland; and, as day after day he was lauded as the most faithful among his companions, he felt that he was indeed revenged on those who had once ridiculed him.

And what was Howard's course, and who were his chosen associates?

You have heard that his letters gave no evidence of dissatisfaction; nor, from the day of his absence from the Briers, had a murmur passed his lips.

With but little cordiality was his welcome to the college Mr. Lee had selected for him uttered. To the casual observer, there was, indeed, but little in Howard's appearance

or manner to attract. Deformity is but slight passport to the kind thoughts of the young who have never suffered; so that, for a time, it seemed as if no kind word would be spoken to the lad, who, on Mr. Lee's departure, was introduced to the whole body of students, who had just escaped from their class-rooms into the open air. The appearance of any stranger among them at such a time was unfortunate; they were too full of their own amusement, to have a thought to bestow upon a solitary and strange youth. Howard stood for a few moments, where he had been standing with the gentleman who introduced him to his future companions, entirely unnoticed, painfully conscious of his unattractive appearance, and undervaluing his own worth, though never repining against his Creator. After he had remained for a short time, watching the animated games in which all but himself were more or less interested, he turned, quietly and sadly, to seek the apartment selected for him by Mr. Lee. It was one of the most retired chambers in the college building; and, though very small, both Mr. Lee and Howard preferred it to rooms

without the college. On his way to it, he was overtaken and accosted by a young man, apparently near his own age, who said to him, gaily—

“Though I do not know to whom I am speaking, I am sure you must be the new-comer; and, according to the rules of the play-ground, of which I, Charles Montgomery, am at present master, none who set foot over its bounds can leave it until the games are ended, without a special permission from my important self. I have come to remind you, or I should say, rather, to tell you, stranger as you are, that you have already incurred a forfeit.”

Catching the tone of this pleasant youth, Howard replied—

“If Howard Grey has by any act of his own, whether through ignorance or intention, broken the laws to which he is subject, I answer for him, and say he is ready to meet all *just demands*.”

“By another rule, Master Grey, I can claim a forfeit for a sarcastic speech within my hearing: but this shall be, for this time, overlooked; and, though I may not allow the

first offence to pass, do not hereafter give me any cause to think you intend to abuse my clemency."

As he finished speaking, he was glad to find that Howard had warmly returned the grasp of his hand; and, whether from being the first who had addressed him, or from some attraction really possessed by Charles, the two from that hour became friends.

"But you must tell me what my forfeit is," said Howard.

"If you are really desirous of knowing, I will give you the opportunity," Charles laughingly answered. "The forfeit I demand is but light. For three days successively you shall summon the students, by name, to your several classes,—and I warn you to beware of any mistake."

Howard felt that, to him, the forfeit would not be as light as Charles supposed; and, in rather a solemn manner, he asked—

"But are you not asking too much of me? How can I, by to-morrow morning, know the names of the five hundred students who, I am told, assemble here?"

"Not quite so fast," was the reply, "un-

less you are master of fifty different sciences. You surely do not suppose that any one of your classes will contain five hundred and one persons? I may not tell you how you are to succeed; but I mean to inform you, when your forfeit is paid, of the impression you have made on your fellow-students; and if you do not remember the ancient proverb, that, *The gods help those who help themselves*, I will recall it to you. But I must not weary you with our rules and forfeits: come with me, and I will introduce you to the walls which, I am sure, can never be said to have ears,—they look as dismal as if they had never heard a pleasant sound.”

“Pray tell me what you mean by pleasant sounds: the conjugation of Latin verbs, and the stumbling translations of the noble old Greek authors?” Howard answered. “They are no more pleasant to me, fond as I am of those very Greek and Latin authors, than the alphabet of our English tongue is to the youngest child who is taught it.”

“Treason so soon, from one who looks as if he had not been intended for a traitor to the languages of former times! There never

was so witty a name bestowed on anything, as the title of *dead languages*, belonging to those solemn tongues which are found like ghosts in all our colleges."

Charles, having thus answered, pointed out the various departments of the college, introducing him with a few merry words to the professors they encountered. Before the great bell, which hung in a small tower over the main entrance, had sounded for dinner, Howard had begun to feel quite at home among these novel scenes; and he took his place by young Montgomery at the table, where already the few students who resided in the college had assembled, with no little pleasure.

The remainder of the day passed agreeably to Howard, and at night his sleep was as calm as though he were not surrounded by strangers, and far from the familiar objects of his home.

He rose at an early hour, and waited the summons that would be to him the true commencement of his college life. Soon it came; and once more Charles Montgomery remained by him, making him at length really well acquainted with the novelties surrounding him.

At length, Howard was called to take his place in a large hall, where all the students met before visiting any of the recitation-rooms. He had not forgotten the forfeit, with which he was expected to be ready at the close of the second day from his entrance; so that, when the roll was called, he watched with an observing eye the various persons who answered it.

The manner in which this was done made the task easier to Howard than he at first thought it would be. As each name was mentioned, the young man to whom it belonged was expected to give in some report of the previous day's conduct; so, during the interval between the names, Howard had some little time for observation. With four or five of his future classmates he was already acquainted; and, noticing that they were within two or three years of his own age, he determined, when he entered the hall, to confine himself to the names of those students whose appearance might induce him to suppose that he would be classed with them. Before he had concluded even these limited observations, he found that no less than thirty-

five names among those he had selected had already been answered to. Howard possessed a rare memory, so that, with the aid of some little peculiarity, either in the appearance or manner, of these young men, he felt almost sure of being able to summon his class correctly. He had further advantages for observation during the day, for he went to the several recitation-rooms with his classes, and found, with some five or six exceptions, he had been right in his selection.

After the hours of study, Charles came to him, and said—

“How have the gods helped you, Grey? I hope they have not proved false to their own proverb!”

“Don’t be in the least anxious, Charles,” Howard replied; “if the gods have not helped me, the necessity I have been under, sometimes, of helping myself, has taught me a few good lessons; and, if it won’t sound like boasting, I will tell you that your forfeit shall be paid to-night, if you wish.”

“You surely, Howard, do not mean that you know the names and appearance of each

of the eighty young men who are your fellow-students?"

"And why not?" Howard asked. "I believe both of us can repeat, without hesitation, various passages of our Latin Cæsar, or even write, if there were need, a page of Greek correctly. In the last, we should, of course, be forced to remember the Greek character, as well as the Greek name."

"Nonsense, Grey!" Charles answered, with a somewhat puzzled look. "If I did not know that no one would dare to help you by a list of names, I should believe,—and I ought to have said, were I not quite satisfied that *you* would not have received such help,—I should think you had really had the forfeit paid too easily."

"You may be very sure, Charles, that, had I been so helped, I would have acknowledged it: and really, in the present case, I have only exercised a little memory and observation."

Howard said this rather gravely, for he was considering whether he could so easily have suspected Charles of a dishonourable act.

"Well, Howard," Charles replied, laughingly as ever, "if you have helped yourself so bravely, the gods, if they still exist, should elect you their chief favourite: for you would truly cost them nothing; and I have always fancied that, with all their boasted power, they were rather a miserly set of beings."

"What has made you think so?" said Howard.

"Because they always resented with such malice, Howard, the aggressions of any being on their superior rights. The possessors of so much, might well have spared a little for those who needed, or even desired it."

"I cannot agree with you in that, Charles. Superior as they were said to be, by permitting such thefts, they would have overthrown their own Olympus. Fabulous as those ancient deities are, and ever were, the story of their power is well sustained; and, in some things, I can almost fancy I trace in it the foreshadowing of the Christian life."

"Ah, Howard, I must give you a little English book, which, in spite of my prejudice, I really like. It follows most beautifully the mythological fable, and yet glorifies

it, tracing the resemblance, in some parts, to our Christian trials," Charles replied.

"By what writer,* Montgomery, has the subject been handled?" Howard asked, without, however, having any answer made to him by Charles, who seemed entirely absorbed by his own thoughts, and soon after left Howard.

Charles Montgomery was, perhaps, the best companion Howard could have chosen: his buoyant disposition, spirited, without being in the least passionate, made him in every thing, save his affectionate heart, a strong contrast to Howard, who, though possessing every good quality, often suffered severely from a depression of spirits, caused—and in him almost excusable—by his peculiarly lonely position, and in part arising from a long period of ill health.

Young Montgomery was not the only friend of Howard: there were many others, before the month had passed, who were proud of the privilege of being admitted into his own apartment.

* See "Stories from Heathen Mythology and Greek History, for the use of Christian Children." By the Rev. J. M. Ncale, M.A., Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, London.—Joseph Masters, Aldersgate Street; 1847.

The interval allowed by the forfeit had passed, and on the morning appointed, Howard, without shrinking from his task, summoned each and all of his classmates to their proper place. In doing this, he had betrayed no consciousness of performing anything unusual, and, in consequence, very few of those whom he summoned thought of the youth who called them; and the few who wondered why a stranger should be sent, concluded that the class-list had been given to him.

At the play-ground, their opinion was changed somewhat; for, in Howard's absence from it, Charles told them of the forfeit with which he had charged Howard, and the manner in which it had been paid.

"Ah! Charles," said Henry Kennedy, a young man standing near him, "if he has done as you say, we must be on the look-out for our college laurels; I don't believe there is another among us who could do the same thing."

"No, I can answer for that. As master of the play-ground, I have very often proposed the same forfeit, and Howard Grey is the

first who has paid it. What do you say to the proposal to give him the Valedictory?" young Montgomery asked.

"What, Charles! give the Valedictory to a deformed boy?" was the response made to this proposal, by a voice Charles did not recognize. Hearing the words, he turned, and glanced quickly and scornfully over the various groups of students near him, and at length said—

"Who reproaches Howard Grey for a mere physical defect?"

There was no answer to this question, and Charles repeated it, saying also, "The mind that could harbour such a thought must belong to a heart more defective than the form of the new-comer. By my right as master, I ask who uttered those words?"

"If you wish to form a new acquaintance, *Master* Montgomery, allow me to present my humble self to your notice."

Charles was amazed, as he heard this answer, to find it had been given by a pale, attenuated youth, whose name he scarcely recalled at first, but found, at length, that the speaker was a member of one of the

highest classes in the college, known to all as much by his unhappy, jealous temper, as by the name of Isaac Baker.

"Oh!" said Charles, "I might have imagined that you were the only one here who would have used so heartless an expression. You, too, have incurred a forfeit; and as soon as the students will give their votes for the several candidates for the disputed honour, you shall be the bearer of it to the successful student."

It was of no use for Isaac to rebel against the command laid on him; but he was only the more bitter for the rebuke he had received, and answered, in a mocking tone—

"Yes, number your votes! and if the hunchback is elected, you may appoint me to count the *cheers* he will receive, when he appears to make the address."

"Silence! unless you would suffer doubly at our hands," was uttered by a dozen angry voices, as the speakers saw Howard crossing the green to approach them. He turned aside, however; and Charles at once began to receive the votes.

When persons are eager for the determi-

nation of any object, it does not take long to decide it. So, in a very short time, Charles, assisted by two other students, had received a vote from each collegiate, Isaac only excepted. Then Charles asked him for his, and the answer he gave called forth a shout of derision from the students.

He said—

“I vote for myself, knowing, as you also do, that I am best suited to the task.”

The votes were given for Howard, with very few exceptions; and, after counting them, Charles proposed submitting the subject to the Professor who had examined Howard previous to his being classed, as to his capabilities for the task. He was soon found, and his decision only confirmed the opinions of the students.

Howard, the deformed and shrinking student, was appointed to deliver the most conspicuous address on the day of the approaching commencement.

A note to Howard, it was determined, should be written; and a few of the students repaired to the college, to write it and arrange the list of votes.

The next day, before the students left the hall, after the close of the day's duties, Isaac Baker called to Howard, who stood near him, and said—

“I am commissioned to bring you this note, and, at the same time, I would offer you my warmest congratulations on your selection for the task nature has so admirably fitted you to perform.”

The words were few, and might have been mistaken for kind expressions, had not the scornful countenance of Isaac, and his hand secretly pointing to the deformity of Howard, convinced those who saw him of his contempt and insincerity.

Isaac could not tarry long in the hall, after such an act; and while Howard quietly perused the note he had given to him, a defiant and angry cry from the students warned Isaac to make his escape from the anger he had roused.

Howard grew pale, as he saw the shrinking figure of Isaac, and remembered his tone in giving him the note; but, as some answer was expected from him, in an agitated, though manly manner, he thanked the students for

the honour they had conferred, and, in a few eloquent words, spoke of their kindness to him, and promised to spare no effort to meet their expectations.

Do you wonder why Howard accepted a task imposing so much that was disagreeable upon him? He longed to show Mr. Lee and Maitland that success COULD crown his constant effort to secure it; and though no vanity mingled with this wish, he was nerved to perform every duty well, as he remembered the motto of Mr. Gordon, which, in a seal similar to the one he had given Maitland, and his parting gift to Howard, reminded him of his pastor's faithful teachings, and his own ambition to rise above the evils he had already found in life.

The months preceding the commencement rolled swiftly by, and Howard, each day gaining more love and attention among the students, had devoted himself to his studies unfalteringly and earnestly. He had not forgotten that a noble profession would demand his faithful attention after his college life had ended; and, so far as was in his power, he

sought to gain some knowledge that he could apply to his after studies.

Maitland, too, had persevered for a time in the close attention he was giving, when you last heard of him, to his books; but that could not last very long, when only a passing emotion had induced him thus to apply himself. In spite of his boast on the morning of his failure before the class, he was, as the vacation approached, utterly neglectful of his studies. Edward Warren had regained his influence over Maitland, and, naturally, Frank Shelton was less with him. But four weeks were wanting, before the dreaded, yet longed-for commencement, when, after the calling of the roll, one of the professors detained the students, to read to them an account of their positions in their several classes, and also to remind them that, in the four weeks yet remaining to them, much might be done to redeem the time already lost: he even hinted that, with the talents some of them possessed, notwithstanding their present low places in their classes, this would be an easy task. Maitland heard the names read; and when

his own was called, and he found himself ranked among the most indifferent students, he was roused from the careless satisfaction with which he had at first recalled his few weeks of application.

As the students met for an hour on the play-ground, and all determined to devote more time to study, Edward Warren turned to Maitland, and said—

“ You have given up all thoughts of gaining the ‘ honour-mark ’ you once boasted you intended to secure.”

“ And, Warren: you, who have so constantly helped Maitland to lose it, ought now to congratulate him and yourself on your success,” Frank Shelton answered, before Maitland could speak.

“ Frank Shelton and Edward Warren are the instructors and protectors of Maitland Lee,” said Cecil Harvey, a young man who, against all good feeling, sometimes made such obnoxious remarks.

Maitland, indignant at the taunt of Edward, whom, until this moment, he had believed his sincere friend, could not bear calmly the remark of Cecil; and, in such passion as to be

almost unconscious of what he did, threw the ball he held in his hand towards Cecil, saying, as he did so—

“Harvey, I should like you to remember that the name, Maitland Lee, belongs to one who, though he may have chosen a *friend*, is too well able to defend himself to need a *protector*.”

The ball, light as it was, struck Harvey with much force, from the manner in which Maitland had thrown it. For a second he staggered under the blow, then fell to the ground, saying—“Lee, you have made me blind!”

Horror-struck at these words, and suddenly feeling his guilt in giving way to such anger, Maitland endeavoured to raise Harvey from the earth.

From the severity of the pain, Cecil had become insensible; and Maitland, as he stooped over him, for a moment fancied him dead; and, in such horror as left no room for other thoughts, he besought the students, who had gathered round, to find a physician, and bring him quickly to the college.

Frank Shelton's action, as Maitland spoke, did much to remove the idea of Cecil's being

dead from Maitland's mind. Having raised him into a sitting posture, Cecil speedily recovered from the faintness that had so alarmed his companions.

The eye which the ball had struck was terribly bruised; and even Frank, as he examined it, seemed to think the sight must be entirely gone.

Remorse was doing its work with Maitland, and it did not help to console him, when he recalled the cause of his anger. Vanity, wounded vanity, was the only cause; and Maitland's meditations were sad indeed, as he remembered that, had a heavier object been thrown from his hand, Cecil must have died.

The punishment which Maitland had been so frequently warned must overtake him, if his passionate nature was not subdued, had fallen on him; and, with such anguish as he had never in his life experienced, he acknowledged that it was deserved.

The students carried Harvey to his room in the college, bound up the suffering eye, and then one of their number was despatched for a physician, while another went to seek Maitland, whom Cecil desired to see.

The feelings of Maitland, as he entered Cecil's room, I will not describe; but he was indeed penitent when Harvey said—

“I was wrong, Lee: forgive me.”

There was no word uttered by Maitland; but, as his mind pictured to him the animated countenance of Harvey for ever disfigured by his act, and sight, perhaps—one of God's greatest gifts to man—for ever impaired—he groaned aloud, and, kneeling by his companion's bed, awaited in silence the opinion of the physician, who was already in the room.

After a time, which seemed more like hours than moments, the physician turned from the bed, and said—

“The young man who threw the ball may rejoice that the eye-sight has not been destroyed.” Then, turning to Cecil, he said—“If you would preserve the entire use of the wounded eye, no book must be looked into for three months at the least.” Then, giving a parting advice to the students, to be less energetic in their sports—for he believed the blow had been caused by accident—he left the room.

Cecil, as the physician closed the door, said—

“If the loss of all my eyesight must be the consequence, I will not give up my high place in the classes. No! at all hazards I will secure the coveted honour-mark.”

There was but little opposition made to this remark, for the doctor had enjoined, for a day or two, entire quiet; but as the students left Cecil soon after, with Frank Shelton acting as nurse, Maitland rose from the place where he had for some time knelt, and, as he bent over Harvey, said to him, “If my voice can in any way supply your sight to you for the next three months, it is yours entirely. I shall be grateful, Cecil, if I can in any way atone for this morning’s guilt.”

“I have told you, Lee, it was *my* fault,” was the answer to Maitland; “but you must not even think of what you have proposed. You have work enough before you of your own, without adding any of mine to it; and then, too, three months will bring us to the opening of a new college term.”

“I know all this, Cecil,” said Lee; “but

if you really forgive my offence, let me have my own way in this matter."

Only for a moment Harvey hesitated; then, as he offered Maitland his hand, he said—

"I can understand your feeling, and consent to your proposal; nevertheless, I shall be a thousand times indebted to you."

Maitland shared in Frank's labour as nurse during two days, and then took his place in the shaded room alone.

So passed by him, lost by his own folly, all his early desire and hopes for distinction in the college.

Harvey was not allowed to leave his room, and Maitland rarely absented himself from it, save for his recitations, which were even then better prepared than formerly.

Cecil, by hearing Maitland read his various tasks, and then letting Lee write them for him from his dictation, and so taking part in the exercises of his classmates, still competed with them.

Perhaps Maitland was not less gratified than Cecil, when the honour-mark, so much coveted, was conferred on the suffering student. For once, at least, he had made a worthy use of

Mr. Gordon's motto; and by subduing his temper during all the period of Harvey's seclusion, while often there was much to try it, he gained such control over it as he did not readily lose.

The vacation commenced, and, instead of passing it at the Briers, Maitland remained almost alone in the college, still faithful to his promise to Cecil. It was in vain to urge him to return to his family: for this time Maitland was firm in a good resolve; and only when Harvey was permitted to walk out with the slight covering of a shade over the injured eye, did he consent to pay a hurried visit to his home.

Mr. Lee had learned the cause of Maitland's detention; and, though he would not oppose his son's wish to make such atonement as was in his power to the sufferer, yet he longed to have him with him once more: perhaps only the more, as he saw from Maitland's letters that he truly felt the guilt there was in the frequent indulgence of his temper, and that his desire to remain with Cecil also showed that he had learned to conquer somewhat his own selfish inclina-

tions. Therefore, when Maitland returned to the Briers for a few days, he was welcomed with more than usual affection by his parents and sister.

Eight months of absence from his family had changed him very much, to the watchful eyes that were upon him. He had assumed a more manly appearance; and, though his blue eyes beamed with the same look they had always worn, there was an expression of care now and then observable on his countenance, that did not escape notice. In truth, the few weeks since Cecil's accident had made many changes in Maitland's views of himself; and as sorrow never touches the heart without leaving its impress on the face, so was his countenance a witness of the scenes through which he had recently passed.

Maitland, though changed, had lost no grace in the belief of those dearest to him; so that it occasioned no surprise that Mildred should openly express the delight and pride she felt in once more looking on her brother.

Praise of his son was very dear to Mr. Lee, and yet he could not fully echo it. The temper he had hoped was altogether conquered,

still showed itself in irritability when contradicted on any favourite subject; and Mr. Lee was grieved, indeed, to find, from the loss of the honour-mark, and even from Maitland's own account, that his time at college, so far, had been marked by but little improvement. Many sad evidences of his son's slothfulness were apparent to the father.

Vanity, too, the most contemptible of passions, showed itself too often in Maitland's conduct; so that, when the few days allotted for the visit had passed, with an anxious heart his parents bade him farewell, and even Mildred, as she, too, said good-bye, warned him to return to his home again less sure of praise than he had seemed on this occasion to be.

So Maitland's visit ended, and once more he returned to the college, to enliven Cecil Harvey by his presence.

Cecil had no home to which he might return, for at an early period of his life he became an orphan, and from that time was indebted, for all the comfort he had ever known, to a poor, but devoted friend of his parents. He had been educated at the public schools in his native city, and, on leaving

them, he laboured openly, as he had done for years privately, to amass a sum sufficient to defray his college expenses. Busying himself, even after his entrance there, in the intervals of study, by performing such services for lawyers and other professional men as would add some amount, however small, to his little savings, which were already devoted to insure him an education that would fit him for any sphere in life: for, after all, education is the mysterious gift that changes the humblest child of the poor to the *prince* above his fellow men; for, by the power education bestows, the man who finds all the lofty and ennobling gifts it opens to him, is indeed fitted to govern other men. The circumstances of Harvey's life were not known in the college, and only during the tedious hours passed in his darkened chamber did Maitland learn them.

What an example was thus spread before Maitland!—in vain. Had his father been poor, or had he been thrown entirely upon his own resources, he fancied that he would have done as Harvey was doing; but he had not the noble ambition to make himself inde-

pendent of wealth, and all other mere external circumstances: so the gifts which Maitland, in after years, would have sacrificed much to obtain, were never secured.

We must leave Maitland and Cecil now, and once more follow the faithful life of Howard Grey.

CHAPTER V.

HOWARD awoke, on the morning of the commencement, earlier than usual; and if you heard that he was not excited by the occasion to which all of the students anxiously looked forward, perhaps it would seem more in keeping with his usually calm temperament: but such was not the case. At a late hour on the preceding night, Howard had read over the address he had been chosen to deliver.

The words which, as he wrote them, had seemed to him eloquent with the thoughts he longed to utter, now appeared dull and utterly expressionless. It was then too late to alter them, and not to be ready at the appointed hour, would have been a deep and lasting disgrace; so, laying the papers aside, he had retired: but sleep seemed to have

forsaken him, therefore he was less than usually fitted for the task before him. But the adage, that *Time waits for no man*, was never truer than in Howard's case. The hours rung clearly out from the clock in the tower of the college, and each one but brought him nearer to the trial he now feared to make.

The last moment for delay had passed. Howard, before it came, however, had prayed that he might be enabled to perform the duties of the day aright, and had asked his heavenly Father to keep him from all vanity and envious thoughts.

More calmly than he had believed he could feel, he took his place among the students, and glanced hurriedly around the spacious room in which they were assembled. Faces on every side met his gaze, and all seemed eager with expectation. Gladly then would Howard have fled, could he have done so, to escape the duty before him; but the motto came to his assistance, and when the first speaker rose, Howard was enabled to fasten his attention wholly on the subject before him. It was one which Howard had always felt an interest in pursuing:—*Language was*

the theme, and the speaker treated it ably in his discourse. Greek and Latin orations followed, unintelligible, of course, to all save the professors. Then several English essays succeeded.

Montgomery, whose name stood next to Howard's on the programme of the day, took the place just vacated by Isaac Baker, who, though he had spoken well, could not call forth the applause he had looked for.

Charles Montgomery had chosen a subject which, as he announced it, did not seem to promise a field for display of either the author's or the orator's power. *Laughter* he had selected; perhaps it was the theme most in accordance with his merry disposition.

For a little while, he touched upon the subject playfully, but gracefully; but, by degrees, his voice deepened, and his action grew more solemn and impressive: as he sketched a vivid picture of a family group rejoicing over the first laughter of the youngest in their midst, or dwelt upon the fearful laughter of the maniac, and the sad rejoicing of the idiot, his power to touch his hearers' hearts

was shown by the moistened eyes that looked upon him, and the breathless attention with which all listened to him; but, as he touched upon the lessons taught by the mocking laughter that sometimes reaches the human ear, and then, for a second, reverted to the addresses which had been the most prominent among those already made, he said—

“Sunshine has been called the smile of our Creator; and, if we may think of it as such without irreverence, how full of blessing is His merciful smile to us! What land is there that has not experienced its influence, and awakened to beauty under its power! And what words are more exact than the inspired language in which the Psalmist describes the glory of God’s works:—*Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.*” And, as he uttered these words, he pointed to the golden light falling upon the walls, and said—

“Does not human laughter seem appalling to our hearts, as we meditate upon the majesty shown by that single ray of light? Oh! if indeed sunshine be the smile of God,

may it for ever rest on all assembled here to-day!"

Before the murmur of applause died away, as Cecil left the place which he had so well filled, Howard had taken his stand before the audience.

Mastering every thought of self, as he smoothed the curled pages of his address, in a clear, but unusually musical voice, he repeated the first few words. His selection had been made unknown to any; and, as the students found that *Life* was the subject of his theme, each, with his vision of the future before him, prepared to contrast Howard's view with his own. The address was grave, but neither despairing nor sorrowful. Life, with its duties, formed a large portion of his discourse; and, as in eloquent words he told of the battle-field whereon each of those he saw before him stood, and spoke of the glorious crown awaiting each successful combatant for life, many a kindling eye and closely-clenched hand told of the spirit burning in the souls of those around him. His voice had risen with his subject, and his pale face had become flushed; but, as he turned

to the students near him, the colour left his cheek, and his voice was tremulous from feeling, as he said—

“Warriors, who precede me to the open battle-field, I bid you all God-speed. None may know whether all of us shall win the crown; none may know who will be the first to fall: but, if love and memory may guard you in the hour of peril, mine go with you to the conflict. Treasure the hopes that have led you thus far on your way; and, with your armour bright, let your feet tread firmly on the battle-ground, where I, too, must soon stand, to conquer or to die.” Then Howard repeated the following lines, from the pen of a gifted woman, and with them concluded the Valedictory:—

“Life is before ye: and, while now ye stand,
Eager to spring upon the promised land,
Fair smiles the way where yet your feet have trod
But few light steps, upon a flowery sod.
Round ye are youth's green bowers, and to your eyes
Th' horizon's line joins earth with the bright skies;
Daring and triumph, pleasure, fame, and joy,
Friendship unwavering, and love without alloy;
Brave thoughts of noble deeds, and glory won,
Like angels, beckon ye to venture on.
And if o'er the bright scene some shadows rise,
Far off they seem; at hand the sunshine lies:

The distant clouds, which of ye pause to fear?
Shall not a brightness gild them when more near?
Dismay and doubt ye know not, for the power
Of youth is strong within ye at this hour;
And the great mortal conflict seems to ye
Not so much strife as certain victory—
A glory ending in eternity.

"Life is before ye: oh! if ye could look
Into the secrets of that sealed book,
Strong as ye are in youth, and hope, and faith,
Ye would sink down, and falter, 'Give us death!'
Could the dread Sphinx's lips but once disclose,
And but a whisper utter, of the woes
Which must o'ertake ye in your life-long doom—
Well might ye cry, 'Our cradle be our tomb!'
Could ye foresee your spirits' broken wings,
Earth's brightest triumphs—what despised things!
Friendship how feeble, love how fierce a flame;
Your joy half sorrow, half your glory shame;
Hollowness, weariness, and, worst of all,
Self-scorn, that pities not its own deep fall;
Fast gathering darkness, and fast waning light,—
Oh! could ye see it all, ye might, ye might
Cower in the dust, unequal to the strife,
And die but in beholding what is life!

"Life is before ye: from the fated road
Ye cannot turn—then take ye up your load.
Not yours to tread, or leave, the unknown way—
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may.
Gird up your souls within ye to the deed:
Angels and fellow-spirits bid ye speed!
What, though the brightness dim, the pleasure fade,
The glory wane—oh! not of these is made
The awful life that to your trust is given:
Children of God! inheritors of heaven!

Mourn not the perishing of each fair toy:
Ye were ordain'd to do, not to enjoy;
To suffer, which is nobler than to dare.
A sacred burden in this life ye bear:
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up, and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin;
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
God guard ye, and God guide ye on your way,
Young pilgrim-warriors, who set forth to-day!"

Howard's voice had gradually sunk into a low tone, under the agitation which overcame him, until it reached the last few lines; then, as the words—*Children of God! inheritors of heaven!*—passed his lips, as though inspired by a prophetic vision of the life of each of his fellow-students, his voice grew fuller, and seemed, at these words—*Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin*—to spring forth with unusual force and harmony, touching the hearts of all in the room. Only waiting until the remaining lines were concluded, the students pressed around him, each anxious to offer the first congratulations. Howard was followed, as he left the platform, by the loud and continued applause of the audience.

Could Mr. Gordon have witnessed this scene, he would have cherished his motto

with deeper love than ever; but he could gather nothing of it from the calm letter in which Howard informed him that he had delivered the valedictory address to a good-humoured crowd.

Howard was to spend the summer in travelling, Mr. Lee judging rightly that eight months of such study as he would give to his appointed tasks, would need more recreation than the quiet life at the Briers could offer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee, with their daughter, were to join him, and a pleasant route of travel was decided upon. Two weeks from the beginning of the vacation passed quickly enough to Howard, among the familiar scenes near Mr. Lee's home: hours passed only too rapidly when listening to the gentle counsels of Mr. Gordon, or in tracing the changes months had wrought in former walks among the woods. Sometimes it startled him to see the difference in the tiny striplings of the forest, changed, in those months, to trees that cast a deep shade around.

In his long absence from his home, Howard was but little altered. Paler, even, than when

he left it, but still wearing the same thoughtful expression, his countenance was unmarked by any touch of sorrow. Shrinking less than formerly from contact with strangers, he often delighted his guardian by his intelligent remarks in company, and a manner perfectly self-possessed.

Mr. Lee, after commencing the journey to which all had looked forward with glad anticipation, determined to pass over the great lakes at the North, and, after visiting such places of interest as might present themselves in their journey, to pass through to Canada; and, first visiting the wonderful cataract of Niagara, proceed to Utica, and thence to Trenton Falls, in the state of New York, where he purposed remaining for a fortnight; and then, after a visit to Maitland, to return once more to the quiet of the Briers.

With Howard's deep love of nature, this plan offered very many attractions. He lost no opportunity, among the many presented to him in his travels, of observing the various beauties and changes in the face of nature. Niagara, as he gazed upon its awful flood,

seemed eloquent with the voice of his Creator. The foam that gathered on its emerald-tinted waters, and the spray ever ascending to spread its rainbow-coloured veil over the face of all, were exquisite to his mind. He stood in silence, watching the hurrying of the flood over the glass-like surface of the rock ; and, with the deep thunderings of the water's voice sounding in his ears, he thought upon the *great white throne*, of which the "beloved disciple," John, has written in the book of Revelation. To describe the mysterious beauty of Niagara, would not have been possible to him ; but with a feeling of awe in all his after life, as though he had indeed witnessed the power of God, he recalled the sublime beauty of the cataract.

When, therefore, he stood above the dark waters of Trenton Falls, there was no comparison made in his mind between the two.

The pine-stained river, which here leaped from rock to rock, with a musical call to the dark evergreens that gaze down upon it, was, to him, beautiful as the scenery he sometimes looked upon in his dreams. Retirement and perfect peace seemed the chosen

character of this spot. Shut in by dense woods, and shadowed by their foliage, the perfect beauty of Trenton was never forgotten by him. But Niagara stood ever first in his thoughts, as an awful witness of the Divine power.

Such scenes called forth but few expressions of delight from Howard; but Mildred knew his keen enjoyment of them, from the moisture gathering in his eye, or by the flush which coloured his cheek; and the very silence that seemed to others to indicate but little sense of pleasure, was more eloquent to her than the most carefully-worded description could have been.

But even such scenes of enjoyment must draw to a close; and once more Howard turned from all but the memories they had bestowed upon him, to the duties of his college life.

Maitland, too, benefited by the discipline he had been undergoing, entered upon the new college term with something like pleasure. Frank Shelton and Cecil Harvey were from that time his chosen friends; and, aided by their example, he was roused, for a short

period, to apply himself faithfully to his books.

Howard, relieved from the fear of all painful occurrences—for Isaac Baker had left the college—devoted himself with more than his wonted interest to his studies. He was like the miser, ever gathering something into his coffers; but, unlike the sordid being who finds his joy in hoarding gold, Howard was receiving lasting benefit from the very act of thus securing gain.

Obedience and patience, diligence and exactness, were all being bound up in his character for life.

His conscientiousness was such, that had the text—*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest*—been ever before him, it would have done but little towards increasing either his faithful discharge of duty, or his seriousness in pursuing the work his Creator had marked out for him.

* * * * *

Three years at college, for both Maitland and Howard, were ended, and, for the first

time since their entrance into college, they were again together under Mr. Lee's roof. The vacations had been passed by Howard away from the Briers; and, though Maitland knew he had been the cause of this, he had made no sacrifice to recall Howard once more to his home.

They met for the first time, after their long separation, on the evening of the day of their return to the Briers, no longer youths, as when they had parted from each other, but men in manner and appearance, and one, at least, in his command of self, a man in feeling. The library was the room in which they were both welcomed to the Briers, and in which each acknowledged the superiority of his companion.

Howard, as he glanced at Maitland's manly figure and handsome countenance, still shaded by the soft brown hair which *would* curl round his temples, felt the vast difference nature had made between them. But there was no envious feeling mingled with, and poisoning, his truthful admiration of Maitland's noble countenance.

But such were not Maitland's feelings, as

he listened to the eloquent words which seemed ever to accompany Howard's simplest remarks. The musical voice in which the most uninteresting subject was discussed by Howard, awakened no melody in Maitland's soul; yet, as he turned to welcome their beloved pastor, who had just heard of his "children's" return, and saw the chess-table standing in its old place near the bow-window, he thought of a former scene in the same room, and strove to subdue the evil temper destroying his enjoyment. It was only subdued, and once again was destined to bring deep sorrow on Howard's loving heart.

But no cloud betrayed itself on the evening of this happy union. Maitland sang with his sister her favourite songs; and, as his voice rose with her's, until it sounded far over the lawn, all sentiments but those called forth by the music were forgotten. Howard could neither sing nor play. Music, to him, was a maze of bewildering sounds, to which he might listen entranced, but never imitate. The harmony called forth by others was exquisite to him, but no answering echo in his soul taught him the wondrous power;

and if an envious feeling ever had place in Howard's breast, it was when the longing to find this power was strongest in him. Mildred saw, as she turned over the pages of her music, that her old influence over her brother had not been lost: still he submitted to her guidance, and, with all the love he had ever lavished upon her, felt that no judgment could be better than hers. One song after another—old familiar songs, each linked with a hundred associations—were sung by Mildred and her brother; and at length, as they turned from the instrument, which, though apparently out of place, was the treasure of the library, Mr. Gordon, taking Mildred by the hand, led her once more to the piano, and said—

“Let me hear one of my dear Scotch songs, before you cease. Your father and mother always indulge me by echoing my wish for my favourite airs; and, like myself, they ask you to gratify us all to-night.”

“Ah! Mr. Gordon, you have a favourite song, I know; but I feel afraid I shall weary you all. Howard cannot be much pleased by my music; he looks so sad, even on

this happy night :” and Mildred, as she said these words in a low tone to Mr. Gordon, would have declined singing, had not Howard said—

“ Dear Mildred, will you not do as Mr. Gordon wishes? His favourite song is dear to us all, you know.”

Perhaps any one but Mr. Gordon might have felt inclined to decline the favour granted only through Howard’s interposition ; but he allowed no vain feeling to disturb the sad memories called forth by the words of the song, sung with true expression by Mildred.

In spite of its twelve or thirteen verses, Mildred sang, without any hesitation, the whole a second time, as Mr. Gordon said—

“ Mildred, these words are indeed the true expression of the Scot exiled from his native land—

“ ‘ Though rugged and rough be the land of my birth,
To the eye of my heart, ’tis the Eden of earth :
Far, far have I sought, but no land could I see
Half as fair as the land of my fathers to me.’ ”

Mildred finished these words alone ; but through the remaining verses, Maitland and

Mr. and Mrs. Lee joined with her. Howard stood leaning on the instrument, listening to the song with such emotion as he could not understand in himself.

Until it was finished, Mr. Gordon sat with his hand before his eyes, as though shading the light from some dim and half-hidden view; but when the song ended with these lines—

“O Scotia, my country, dear land of my birth,
Thou home of my fathers, thou Eden of earth;
Through the world have I sought, but no land could I see
Half so fair as thy heaths and thy mountains to me”—

tears were on his face; and, thanking Mildred in a few kind words, he bade the family good-night, and returned to his own home, overcome by remembrances that slumbered in his heart, recalled with unusual force by the words to which he had listened. To those who witnessed Mr. Gordon's emotion, it was not strange that he should at once leave the Briers for the entire quiet of the parsonage.

The story of Mr. Gordon's life was known by Mr. Lee and each member of his family; and, though the subject was never named in

Mr. Gordon's presence, it accounted to them for the sudden emotion which frequently overcame the usually calm manner of their friend.

Mr. Gordon was, as might be imagined from what has passed, a native of Scotland. Almost in his infancy he had been separated, not only from his native land, but from all the ties dearest to the human heart.

His father had been a gentleman of small property and strong national prejudices ; but, under a favourable offer for his eldest son, Archibald, he had permitted Mr. Ellison, one he believed a friend, to adopt the boy ; and shortly after this event, Mr. Ellison sailed for his native island, Jamaica. Scarcely had he landed there, before he informed those who showed any curiosity in regard to Archibald, that he was the orphan son of a distant relative, whom he had determined to adopt.

Possessed of ample wealth, and almost alone in the enjoyment of it, with neither wife nor children to interfere with these claims of the boy, the story so artfully arranged by Mr. Ellison was received and readily believed by the inquirers. To deceive the parents, who had only parted with the child for his good,

was the next step of the unprincipled man, who was actuated by no deeper motive than the mere desire to leave his property to one whose principles and education should originate from his influence, and whose affections would acknowledge none dearer than himself.

A few months passed in health were reported to the parents of Archibald, who retained his family name, with the addition of Ellison; then a letter was received, telling of the sudden illness of their son; and, at length, another of his death, and the grief it had caused to the treacherous man. Once more they heard of him, when the little wardrobe of the boy, with every article, save one, belonging to him, was returned to his grief-stricken family. So all communication with the native land of Archibald was, apparently, for ever improbable for him; and, buoyant with the success of his plan thus far, Mr. Ellison devoted himself to the boy, trying to make him all that he desired to see him become.

It was in vain that he strove to inculcate doctrines contrary to the teachings of the

child's own conscience. He could not prevent the child's pure character from developing itself; and at thirteen years of age, Archibald promised to become an open reproach to his adopted father, by his upright life and stern devotion to truth.

But the base man did not long live to see the effect of his teachings. He was carried, by one of those swift messengers of death ever found lurking in tropical climates, away from his plans of wickedness, to the fearful stillness of the grave; and Archibald, at fifteen, was left without a protector. The property, which was believed to be owned entirely by Mr. Ellison, at his death was found to belong to persons whose property he had held in trust, and to them it was at once restored.

Alone as Archibald was in the world, this sudden loss of fortune was for a time appalling; but he was not a person to sink under an evil which decision and perseverance on his part might remedy. Therefore, in a short time, he had arranged his plans for a few years of his coming life, and, possessing a small fund, the amount that the sale of

Mr. Ellison's personal property had produced, and which he had named as Archibald's, on a paper found after his death, he left Jamaica.

Gratitude to Mr. Ellison prevented Archibald from thinking of him as the base man others called him; but he could not respect the memory of one who had tried to destroy his belief in the loving guardianship of his Maker; and, as he left the island where years of his life had passed, he carried with him the private papers of his guardian, which had not been read by any of the lawyers called in to settle the estate; for, finding sufficient, without searching long, to guide them in its distribution, they had given the papers to Archibald, as part of the personal property of the deceased. From these papers Archibald learned all his own early history, excepting the circumstance of his rumoured death. In place of the papers which might have led him to return to Scotland, he found one dated seven years previously, with these words upon it:—"The last of Archibald's relations died to-day." False as these words were, he knew it not; and, with a sickening

sense of his loneliness, he landed in America, and, by a course of unwearying industry and economy, fitted himself for the sacred duties of a clergyman. For many years he laboured in a large town as a missionary; then, his worth becoming more widely known, he had been called to the care of a small congregation in a village near to the Briers, and Mr. Lee's family soon after fell under his charge. How faithful a pastor he was, you have learned from the former pages of this book. Soon after he landed in America, from some feeling which he never acknowledged, he again assumed his own family name. You have heard that every article save one, belonging to Mr. Gordon when a child, had been returned to his parents. That one was a curious, prism-shaped crystal seal, bearing on one side the initials of his own name, surrounded by a wreath formed of the shamrock and thistle, the emblems of Ireland and Scotland. On the second side were the family arms, while the third was engraved with a boar's head, and beneath it, in Latin, this inscription—" *He can conquer who thinks he can.*" No words could have been selected

better fitted to remind Archibald that the standard of success is, to a certain extent, always awaiting our efforts to secure it. It had been the motto under which Mr. Ellison had secured his own wicked desires; and now, to the lonely boy, it had become the watchword of his life. Bravely he followed where it led him; and, under the remembrance of his own use of it, he had given it to the two youths whose lives you are following.

Shortly before entering on his duties as an established clergyman, he had married a lady fitted in every way to secure his happiness. For a few years after this marriage, the voices of children, who were almost the idols of Mr. Gordon's heart, gladdened his life; then death swept them from their places by their parents' hearth, and grief, wellnigh overwhelming, called upon Mr. Gordon to struggle once more, under the guidance of the motto.

But the victory was not easily won; and the sorrow which had made the struggle a vital one, left him with a saddened heart, which, more than ever before, sought to

submit its dearest wishes to the will of his heavenly Father. Do you wonder now that the words of Mildred's song overcame him, or that he left the Briers to seek strength, through prayer, in his quiet study in the parsonage?

Ever beautiful is the evening prayer; and on that night, the thanksgiving offered by Mr. Lee for the safe keeping of the two youths during a long absence from their home, went up to God from grateful hearts. Welcome was his mother's kiss to Maitland, as he received it on that night; and to Howard the kind words of all whom he saw were very dear.

Two days after their return, Howard and Maitland listened to the gentle words of Mr. Gordon, as he addressed his flock from the text of Scripture he had selected with special reference to the character of Maitland, whose slothful disposition was still exerting its baneful influence over his life. "*Redeem the time,*" are words which may bring a lesson to all hearts. Time, the birthright of every human being born into this world, brings all at last to a final inheritance, whether it shall

be among those blessed ones for whom *mansions have been prepared in the heavens*, or among those who, amid the torments of everlasting woe, learn for the first time the value of "God's great gift of time,"—each must answer for himself. Maitland listened to the sermon, because one he truly loved delivered it; but, though the warning sounded in his ear, it awakened no echo in his heart.

Howard, too, listened; and his thoughts called up many idle hours, which, although shadowy as the figures we trace in the evening mist, yet spoke in powerful accents to him.

Do we not all know the perfect beauty of a Sabbath passed among nature's works? The sound of the single church bell, as it comes to us over the dense trees surrounding the sacred edifice, is more melodious than the hundred metallic voices which answer each other from the lofty belfries of the city churches. The perfect stillness which seems to settle on the day; the long, shaded walks, all centering in the little graveyard, where so many hopes have also centered; the songs of birds, more solemn from the stillness of all

else,—bring a blessing to the soul of him who, in the glory of the open country, will receive their benediction.

Howard rejoiced in all that told him he stood once more among the scenes most dear to him.

And, as Mildred walked with him and Maitland to their home, talking of all that had occurred in their absence, no happier trio could scarcely be found.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR a few months, Howard and Maitland remained quietly at the Briers; but when, as the weather grew cool, Maitland left his home once more, to pursue his studies in the office of a distinguished lawyer, Howard, too, had begun to prepare himself for the wearying but benevolent duties of a physician. In preparing himself for the bar, Maitland seemed to have cast off his old, slothful habits, and bent every talent to gain what he believed necessary to honourable distinction. But in this industry there was no virtue: vanity kindled his ambition; and the course prescribed for him could not be trifled over, he well knew, if in any way it was to avail for his future purpose.

You must have sufficient trust in Howard's noble principles, to believe that he could

never stoop to become a trifier in the path of duty.

Day after day found him busy with the pursuit upon which he had entered. Often, the light burning in his window, as night extended to the borders of day, told of his unfailing devotion to his studies. Noble, indeed, was his application, and amply was he rewarded for his faithful discharge of duty.

So three more years passed. Maitland, with ample means supplied by his indulgent father, awaited, at his comfortable office in —, the welcome appearance of his first client.

Howard had ably passed the ordeal of a severe examination, and, with his well-earned diploma, returned to the village near the Briers, and there received his first summons to the bedside of the suffering.

We all know the affection a physician may call forth; we have all heard the words of sympathy offered by him, when our hearts have fainted from sorrow; and, if all cannot respond to such memories, I doubt not that each one of us has experienced the watchful care bestowed upon a dear invalid,—care that

calls for such gratitude as few of us can ever fully express, but which ever thrills our hearts, as we hear the profession mentioned, in whose ranks we find so many of the noblest of our race.

A year glided by: Howard had gained much knowledge through actual practice, which circumstances had rendered unusually large for so young a practitioner; and then he was called upon, through the interest of a friend, to accept the post of surgeon on board of a vessel bound to Europe. Believing he would be absent but a few months, and strongly urged by Mr. Lee, Howard acceded to a proposal which promised, in some measure, to realize his early dreams. Arrangements for departure were speedily made by Howard; and nothing could have marred his anticipated enjoyment, had not Maitland's passion once more destroyed his happiness.

Maitland had been paying a short visit to his family at the Briers, when, one day, Mr. Lee returned from the city, where he had passed two entire days; and, as he entered the drawing-room, in which all were

assembled, he handed Mrs. Lee a package of heavy papers, saying—

“I have just accomplished the sale of all my city property: the money is deposited, and the deeds of transfer you hold in your hands.”

Mrs. Lee laughed gaily, as she congratulated her husband, and said—

“I am indeed rejoiced to hear this, for now *business* can never call you away from our lovely country home;” and, as she spoke, her eyes filled with tears of grateful joy.

“Oh! Howard, I had forgotten a little parting gift for you, which I must no longer withhold;” and, as he said this, Mr. Lee handed to Howard a square, flat package, which, on opening, he found to contain a deed that made him the owner of a pretty property in the village. This was a cottage and ground, which Maitland had long secretly coveted.

“My dear Mr. Lee, how can I ever thank you for all your kindness?” said the young man, almost overcome by the thought that this gift must be intended as a secure possession for him, in case of any unlooked-for event occurring to Mr. Lee.

Such was indeed Mr. Lee's intention, in part; and perhaps, had he been with Howard alone, he would have told him so.

But, while Mrs. Lee and Mildred congratulated Howard, Maitland, in an angry tone, addressed him, saying—

“Have you ever seen the parasite vine clinging to our forest trees, which, while it flourishes in glossy verdure itself, robs its sustainer of life and beauty? I wonder, Howard, you can accept the gift that costs my father so much.”

“*Maitland, shame on you! And can those words have been spoken by my son?*” were the exclamations that showed Maitland the indignation which his parents and Mildred felt against him.

As Howard heard this jealous and angry speech, he lost the buoyant, joyous look which had made his face, one moment before, so handsome; and, pale and bent, as though he shrunk from a sudden and unlooked-for blow, he did not speak at first; but, at last, as though even his calm temper could not brook such an insult, he turned to Mait-

land, and, in a broken voice, so changed as to tell of the pain he endured, he said—

“I *have* been nourished by your father; I *have* gained strength and manliness beneath his support: but the *parasite* forms no part of my nature; and, until your words are recalled, I reject the precious gift of *your* father’s love.” So saying, he laid the deed, but lately clasped by him with joy, upon the burning coals on the hearth; and, as it curled and blackened in the heat, and at last was carried by the draught out of sight, he turned to those who had watched him in silence, and said—

“The evil words of Maitland cannot change my love or gratitude for his father; but like the withered tree must his heart be, that could give utterance to such thoughts.” Then, without one other word being spoken by any, he left the room; and Maitland would have done the same by an opposite door, had not his father said, in such a tone as he knew he dared not disobey—

“Stay, sir: though I would gladly banish you, until you show deep sorrow for your

fault, I wish to tell you that, in another week, Howard leaves us for several months; and, unless you can apologize *sincerely* to him for the ungrateful words you have spoken, you, too, will not return to us until his voice recalls you. Go, now, wherever you may hope to find pleasure, though an evil conscience will, I fear, poison your enjoyment."

Before Maitland moved from his place near the door, where he had stood while his father spoke, he replied—

"I cannot see my fault as you do, father; nor can I understand why you call me *ungrateful*. Howard, surely, has no claim on *my gratitude*, whatever we all may have on his."

"And is your heart so truly blackened by passion and jealousy, that you cannot understand that Howard's long forbearance under the insults you alone have heaped upon him, is no cause for gratitude from you? I had not thought that my own and *only* son could be thus incapable of manly, honourable feeling."

Maitland glanced angrily at his father while he spoke; but when he saw the emotion which

shook his parent's frame, and watched the pallor of his mother's face, and the tears upon Mildred's, he was overcome for an instant; but his passion again mastered him, and he replied—

“Howard has robbed me of all I value in life—yours and my mother's love; and even Mildred places him first in all things.”

“Not Howard, but your own evil temper, has made us love you less, my son,” answered Mr. Lee; for he knew how great was the affection that had been lavished on the unhappy youth by Howard.

Maitland did not reply again, but left the room, conscious of his own sin, yet endeavouring to bring the sorrow it caused upon others.

Howard had gone to his chamber; and when Mr. Lee, finding he did not return to them, went in search of him, he found him seated by an open trunk; one other in the room was already strapped, as if for departure. The various articles a traveller needs were scattered round him, and he, leaning against its edge, was unconscious of everything near.

The grief Maitland had caused him was more than he could endure, and he had lost all memory of it in a deep swoon, which lasted for more than an hour.

When, at last, consciousness was restored, he turned to Mr. Lee, and said—

“You must consent to bid me good-bye to-morrow. Maitland will forgive my encroachment upon his rights, when he no longer sees me.”

Mr. Lee silenced Howard, for he saw that the slightest reference to the previous scene agitated him too deeply for his good.

For a few moments, Howard obeyed Mr. Lee's command; then he said—

“I can no longer remain with you: Maitland has shown me the little claim I have ever had upon your kindness, and has convinced me of my error, in having too long been the passive recipient of your thousand affectionate favours. I will go now, and prove my own power to support myself.”

As he finished speaking, he seized the hands of his guardian, and kissed them passionately. Tears filled his eyes, as he thought of all that might occur in his absence of

a few months. These thoughts overpowered him; and, covering his face, he yielded to his emotion. Mrs. Lee's voice roused him, as she said—

“Howard, my child, your grief distresses us all deeply. Do not yield to despair; fulfil the duties in the future, as you have performed all in the past, and nought on earth can avail to overthrow your happiness. The home in which you have been so insulted will be a sad one to us, in your absence. Mildred, I fear, will forget her drawing, when she has no longer the example of your perseverance in overcoming difficulty, to urge her on.”

Mrs. Lee had attempted to speak lightly, but her heart was far too heavy to allow her to sustain an unconcerned manner; so, when Mildred, who had been silently arranging the various articles in Howard's trunk, looked up, in spite of her tears, and said—

“Mother, I never can forget the example he has given me; nor, Howard,” she added, “will you find, on your return, that I have neglected my drawing. If it be only to enable me better to recall the many pleasant morn-

ings we have spent together, I shall pursue the course you would best approve."

"Thank you many times, dear Mildred, for your kind words," Howard rejoined. "I shall not forget those pleasant lessons; and, perhaps, before my return, I shall be able to secure you some fine models, which we cannot procure elsewhere than in England. I shall be very glad, in my absence, to have any commission to fill, that may remind me constantly of my ability to perform one little kindness for the dear inmates of the Briers."

Howard could not have answered Mildred so lightly, had he not seen that his grief distressed Mrs. Lee and her husband. His guardian had been standing silently by the window, busily engaged in wrapping the articles in Howard's writing-desk neatly in paper. The seal which Mr. Gordon had presented to the young man was laid on the top of everything, Mr. Lee judging wisely that its motto would urge Howard to overcome all despairing thoughts of his future life. When he had finished, he seated himself by Howard, and said—

"You need not be told how much grief I

have suffered to-day. First——” but Mr. Lee could not unmoved speak of Maitland ; so he paused for a moment, and then began a new sentence.

“ My dear child, you well know how reluctantly we consent to your departure ; and I almost fear that the Briers and the neighbouring village will prove a contracted scene to your travel-extended view, on your return.”

“ Do not fear that any scene can change the beauty of aught connected with this home,” Howard answered ; and then said, sadly, “ You do not know how dear every foot of ground for miles around this place has become to me, now that I am so soon to lose sight of it.”

“ Every foot of earth within the limits of the Briers shall bloom a welcome for you on your return,” Mr. Lee replied. “ But, see ! there is Mr. Gordon coming up the avenue :” and, as he turned to leave the room, Mr. Lee sighed heavily. Howard rose to go to the good pastor, but for a moment he paused, utterly unable to compose himself sufficiently to meet his dear old friend.

In a few moments he left the room ; and,

as he entered the library, where Mr. Lee had received Mr. Gordon, he was folded in the arms of the latter, whose face betrayed the agitation he felt from knowing the cause of Howard's pale and sorrow-stricken countenance. For an instant he held Howard to him, then released him, as he said—

“Can you receive this grief, my son, as coming from a Father's hand? Slight as the occasion may have seemed, it was ordered as the trial best suited to aid you in your attainment of a forgiving temper. I need not tell you, my son, how sincerely I mourn with you; but well is it that this grief will pass from your memory in coming years.”

“Mr. Gordon, I *cannot, cannot* forgive the uncalled-for insult of this morning: had the words been spoken by any save Maitland Lee, I had not so long borne them in silence,” Howard answered, with more anger than his kind friend had ever before known him betray.

Gazing sadly at Howard, he said—

“My child, let not the sun go down upon your wrath; and already its light is fading

from the sky. Leave not your home with one emotion that may poison your happiness during your absence. Will you not seek Maitland, and tell him of your forgiveness now, before the day departs to bear its record to the throne of a just and forgiving God?"

Bitterly came this suggestion to Howard, and gladly would he have silenced the voice of conscience, which warned him of the truth of Mr. Gordon's words, but in vain: he had heard the sentence which Mr. Gordon had used, and he knew that all that he had spoken was true; yet still he turned from the acknowledgment of that forgiveness he was reminded he must offer to Maitland, before he could secure his own peace of mind. He sat silent for a time; and then, as though he had determined to do right, he crossed the room, and, as he reached the door, said—

"Where shall I find Maitland?"

Mr. Gordon replied—

"In the room formerly used as a nursery: his father told me he had been there ever since he left the drawing-room."

As he noticed the increased pallor of Howard's countenance, he said—

“My son, remember that, with his Creator’s aid, *he can conquer who thinks he can.*”

Like a charm these words acted upon Howard’s soul; and in a few seconds he was standing by Maitland, who rose from the seat he occupied as the door opened, and, seeing who had entered the room, turned to the window, and drummed noisily upon the glass.

“Maitland,” said Howard, gravely, “I have come to ask a favour of you.”

“I don’t doubt it,” was the only answer Maitland made.

Though Howard had heard the words, he would not answer them, and continued, while his burning cheek showed he had understood the remark—

“I have come to tell you I am grieved at what has passed, and to offer you my forgiveness.”

“I have not doubted your regret for casting away so precious a gift, nor do I wish the forgiveness of one——” hissed angrily from Maitland’s lips.

But Howard did not wait to hear the conclusion of Maitland’s sentence; and, in a voice almost inarticulate, he answered—

"Maitland, *beware!* Though I can and do forgive you, yet I will not carry with me the remembrance of added insult from you. A worm will turn if trodden on, and I cannot receive in silence, or with patience, another mocking word."

"You are very apt in your comparisons," broke from Maitland, in a shrill voice of passion.

"Are you mad, Maitland? for surely I have done nothing to merit this treatment," Howard answered calmly; for the very violence of Maitland had awakened such feelings of pity in Howard's heart, as to leave no room for anger.

"If I am mad, I do not care to have you for a keeper," Maitland once more answered; and then strode from the room, the impersonation of jealousy and anger.

Deeply as Howard pitied Maitland, yet these words carried a due measure of sorrow with them; and, as he returned to Mr. Gordon, he questioned himself as to any possible cause for such passion in Maitland.

Had he known the disappointment Mr. Lee's gift had brought to Maitland's long-encouraged

and secretly-cherished desire to possess the same property his father had bestowed on Howard, he could have found an answer to the question he had asked himself.

As Howard again seated himself by Mr. Gordon, he was asked by him, if he had seen Maitland; and only replied, that he had found him in the place he had mentioned. The good man would not ask the result of their meeting: he was satisfied to know that Howard had made the offer of forgiveness, although, from his knowledge of Maitland's character, he rightly imagined it would not be courteously received. For nearly an hour, Mr. Gordon talked with Howard, and pleasantly charged him, if the opportunity occurred, to bring him a sprig of heath from his beloved Scotland. Howard gladly promised to do all in his power to obtain it; and then listened in silence to the parting counsel of his friend.

At last, Mr. Gordon rose to leave; but, as he once more folded Howard in his arms, he said—

“My blessing, Howard, goes with you. May *‘the Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the*

Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.' "

So saying, as he laid his hand on the young man's head, they parted.

Howard's heart received the words he had heard, and they soothed^d, with an unutterable peace, the stormy feelings which had but a moment before filled it.

He joined the family once more; and, for the last time for several months, Mildred sang his favourite songs to him.

Then, pausing for a few moments, she played, with full expression, some of the melodious compositions of Beethoven. Family prayer followed; and Howard listened to it, with the thought occupying him, that it would be very long before he would again join in it, or listen to the music of Mildred's voice.

The morning after dawned only too early, for those so soon to be separated.

The day—one in the middle of November, and full of the exquisite beauty of the Indian summer—was soothing in its effects on Howard.

He parted, at length, from all: even Mait-

land, who had forgotten his angry feelings, shook hands with him, as they met in the hall, while waiting for the carriage which was to carry Howard and Mr. Lee to the railway station.

As its wheels were heard on the broad carriage sweep, Howard made his last effort at composure, which failed entirely when he actually bade Mildred and her mother good-bye. Maitland stood by the carriage steps, and, as Howard entered it, he said to him—

“Yesterday’s folly will be forgotten, I trust, amid the novelty of new scenes; at all events, it will be forgiven when I ask you that it may be so.”

Mr. Lee heard the last words of his son; and, little dreaming of the light manner in which he had apologized for his late insulting conduct towards Howard, smilingly said—

“I shall leave home with a lighter heart, knowing you are grieving for your fault.”

As he closed the carriage door, Maitland gracefully waved his hand to the travellers, and returned to the house.

Mrs. Lee and Mildred could not, after How-

ard's departure, quietly pursue their morning duties. Thoughts of the great distance which would separate him from them, the dangers he must encounter, and some delicacy in Howard's constitution, all combined to make Mrs. Lee very anxious. Mildred shared her mother's fears, and, added to them, was her own regret at the absence of her constant and favourite companion. Finding that these feelings were unfitting them for their usual quiet morning of indoor employment, Mrs. Lee proposed going down to the village, to distribute the gifts of money, food, and clothing, which Howard had collected for his poorest patients, when he first determined to leave home. The greater part of the morning was spent in this distribution; and very many were the kind and grateful words linked with Howard's name, during their visits to the humble cottages of the poor.

Howard Grey, or rather, *Doctor* Grey, were words that acted like a charm on the most timid and indifferent.

"There was none like him in the village," said an old woman, who had benefited much

by Howard's thoughtful kindness and medical skill.

"Oh! Bridget, you're right there," chimed in another, who was proverbial for her ill-tempered words to all who came under her notice. "Never, since the blessed day I first looked on the doctor, have I seen his like. Find me another, in any country, the match of him, and I will lay this great silver piece in your old, shaking hand;" and, as she said this, she drew from the wide pocket of her faded short-gown a silver dollar, strung upon a piece of dingey cord, and held it up before the tear-filled eyes of the mild old woman who had first spoken.

The silver dollar had been a treasure to this old scold in her younger days. The superstition that so foolishly asserts that whoever receives a piece of money with a hole pierced through it, ensures his own good-fortune by retaining it, was firmly held by Ann Benton; and, though the *good luck* she looked for never came in the form she expected it would assume, her faith in the superstition was unshaken.

"Put by your money, lest you come to want, you poor, screaming thing," Bridget answered,

somewhat vexed by the offer of the old woman's money.

The "poor, screaming thing" was not so easily silenced; and, as Bridget moved off to her own cottage, Ann followed her, ringing the dollar against a rusty key, and cried after her—

"You'll call on want long before I know its name. Fine airs show the empty pocket, and the owner of the light purse finds it hard to carry." But, seeing that no one listened, she began again bewailing her "dear, lost doctor," as she insisted upon calling him, when she found that, if in no other manner, she could at least excite attention, by reminding those around her of their loss.

"Ann, why do you make all near you so uncomfortable, by the way in which you speak?" Mrs. Lee asked, as she turned from the lengthy answers the wife of a fisherman was making to her inquiries after a sick child, in whom Howard had been much interested. No sooner had Mrs. Lee addressed Ann, than the woman's voice changed to a tone strangely gentle, when contrasted with the former one, and she said—

"If the mother of Doctor Grey wants to talk to me, I'll be glad to listen to her."

Mrs. Lee did not correct the mistake Ann had made, but drew from the bundle before her a warm frock and shawl; and, as she gave them to her, she said—

"Doctor Grey has left these for you, and trusts that there will now be no reason why you should spend the Sabbath in your own, instead of God's house."

The old woman was really softened by the gift, and answered earnestly—

"Though more prayers than my old tongue may speak will go up to God for the safe-keeping of our dear doctor, yet I promise mine shall be said in the house he would best like to know of my being in." Then, courtseying her thanks, she went to put by the treasure she had received.

A few medicines remained to be distributed; and, after saying good-bye to the women who followed her, Mrs. Lee returned to the Briers.

But still the lonely feeling could not be chased away. It was not merely Howard's absence that caused every spot about the

Briers to seem deserted, for he had been long absent during his college life; but the remembrance of the sad scene in which her own son had so sinned against Howard, and the thought of the many dangers he must encounter, any one of which might prevent their meeting again.

Mrs. Lee loved Howard dearly, as though he had been her own son; and it was, therefore, no wonder that his absence, at this time, grieved her.

You have heard that the season when Howard left the Briers was that of our beautiful Indian summer.

As the carriage rolled along the smooth roads, he strained his eyes, to catch a glimpse of each familiar spot. The peculiar hazy atmosphere, the crimson globe the sun appeared as he looked towards it, with the perfect silence around him, impressed the scene for ever upon his mind. There was one turn of the road, from which he knew that he could see the village and the Briers. As he approached it, he told Mr. Lee of his wish to leave the carriage for a short time; and, alighting from it as it moved slowly on, he

gazed upon all the objects most familiar to him. The road-side was edged by wide grain-fields, with here and there a sturdy oak, which had been left as sentinels in their midst. As Howard looked over the stubble that, embrowned by the sun, yet spoke of a golden harvest gathered in, and saw the few fluttering leaves upon the oaks, and the still vivid crimson of the little vines near the fences, a robin left its nest, and, flying close over him, warbled forth such a song as awakened every memory in his heart. For a second he paused, and within sight of so much beauty, he bowed his head, and, in the words of the patriarch Jacob, vowed, if God brought him in safety to his home, to dedicate the tenth of all that God should give him unto his service.

It is recorded of Jacob, on his return from Laban's dwelling, that an angel wrestled with him and blessed him.

Mighty were the struggles Howard endured with the angel of suffering; and as, strengthened by his faith in God, Jacob prevailed over the messenger of heaven, so Howard, with an unflinching confidence in his Creator, pre-

vailed with the thrice-blessed messenger of sorrow, and continued his journey, trusting his future to the guidance of God.

The fortnight that must intervene before Howard could sail was spent, when he at length stood upon the vessel which was to carry him to a strange land.

As the large sails of the ship filled with wind, and he felt that ere nightfall he would be far from old friends and scenes, he was suddenly amazed by seeing his former acquaintance and rival in the archery-meeting, Clement Hamilton, standing among the passengers upon deck, watching the land, as they receded from it.

He did not address him then, but waited until the shore faded from view in the gathering darkness of night; then he said to him, as he stood a few feet in advance of Howard—

“Clement, you cannot think how glad I am to find you here! I would have told you so when I first saw you, but I could not bear to lose more than the one second that I gave to you, while watching the fast-fading shore.”

"Howard! then you did see me; and I may resume the belief, which your very pre-occupied air, while I watched you silently, did much to shake, that an intelligent person is always conscious when the eye of a human being is upon him. But I will not discuss my pet theories now; we will keep them for the first stormy day that locks all landsmen in the cabin," was the answer Clement made, as he warmly shook Howard by the hand, and continued: "Study has made you pale, Howard; tell me what takes you from home. I trust no ill-health has caused your banishment?"

"You play the part of inquisitor very well," Howard answered. "But, Clement, tell me whether your determination to leave home was not very sudden, and then I will answer your inquiries."

"Business for my father unexpectedly calls me to England. The twenty-four hours' notice that hurried me off, left no time for adieus from me, or kind wishes from my friends," Clement replied; and then said, "Tell me how you left our friends at the Briers, especially Maitland's lovely sister, Mildred. He is

a happy man, to have such a face before him always."

Howard briefly answered all Clement's questions, and then said—

"Do you really think Mildred beautiful? or are you jesting with my old-time expressions?"

"Yes, Howard; I do think Mildred very beautiful. Her features, though not perfect in form, are always pleasing to me, when the expression called forth by feeling dwells upon them. And surely, the most exacting lover of beauty must be pleased with the deep brown hair that shades eyes so perfect as Mildred's in colour and form. But we must not forget the ladies on board of the vessel, for those we have left to watch for our return," said Clement, as the lady passengers moved towards the cabin, in answer to an imperative summons to tea from the steward.

Howard's time on board the ship passed agreeably, even though there were times when he could not fail to be agitated in recalling the past, with its first sorrowful lesson to him, learned, as he was now learning other lessons, from the solemn voice of the sea.

A voyage of eighteen days brought the packet in which Howard and Clement were passengers to land.

There is always something sad in standing, for the first time, alone on foreign ground. But Howard, in spite of old memories of his departure from the shores of England with his parents, was animated by such delight as could only proceed from high courage and his long-cherished wish to visit the home of his fathers.

He had determined to see Scotland before his return, and, with strong confidence in the truth of his motto, believed he should accomplish this dear wish.

The vessel was expected to remain in port for three or four weeks; and Howard knew that he would be able to see much in that interval, even though he should practise the strict economy he determined upon on leaving the Briers.

Clement Hamilton remained with his friend but a few hours, the business which had called him abroad demanding immediate attention. From Liverpool, where they had left the ship, Howard went to London. Here there was

much to interest him; and, among the ancient aisles of Westminster Abbey, he seemed to realize the dreams in which he had so long delighted.

Two weeks were devoted to the objects of most interest to him; then, without further delay, he repaired to Scotland. At Edinburgh, he found letters from Clement Hamilton, which informed him that his friend would join him in a day or two after, and begged Howard to content himself with the beauties of Edinburgh until he should arrive.

There was much to keep Howard in the capital of his native land, and he was not unwilling to stay even two or three days longer, after Clement joined him.

The second day after Hamilton's arrival, he was walking with Howard, and, after a long conversation upon many topics, said—

“Howard, there is a family residing in the city, with whom my father is distantly connected. I know nothing more of them than that they are descended from a long line of noble ancestors. If you will run the risk of a dull evening, I shall be truly glad to have your company, while I pay my duty-call.”

"I will go with you, Clement. I can hardly pass a dull evening with persons whose very connections must furnish us with many subjects of interest," Howard answered.

True to his promise, he accompanied Clement to the mansion of Mr. Murray; and, in a few moments after the warm welcome both Clement and himself received, he almost forgot that he was conversing with new acquaintances, far from his quiet home.

The daughters of Mr. Murray were handsome and attractive ladies. To the youngest, named Elsie, Clement devoted himself, because, as he told Howard afterwards, she reminded him of Mildred. There was sufficient resemblance in the complexion and general manner to justify Clement's opinion; but Howard could discover no likeness, and, when laughingly appealed to by Elsie Murray, to describe the young lady Clement thought her counterpart, said—

"Clement's eye for the beautiful has always been more correct than mine; therefore I cannot offer any opinion, where his is already known."

While Howard, Clement, and Elsie had been

thus conversing, a young girl entered the drawing-room; and Mr. Murray, with a courtesy beautifully in keeping with his broad, upright figure, and the snow-white hair falling around his neck, presented his young guests to her.

Jessie Monteath was in every way strikingly handsome; and, as she cordially met the advance of Howard, by offering him her hand, he smiled to hear her bid him welcome to her native land.

"Mr. Hamilton, how is it that your keen eye traces no likeness in the two faces near you?" Elsie said to Clement, as she named Howard and Miss Monteath.

Clement turned towards Howard, and was struck with the similarity of the two countenances.

The same oval form, the broad forehead, the delicate lips, and the same colour in eyes and hair.

Jessie was taller than Howard, as he stood by her; for the deformity which had marred his figure had dwarfed its growth. In all they were alike, save in this, and the expression of their countenances, and the different

colour of the complexion. Howard's pale face wore a gentle, serious look, that told of some hidden sorrow; while on the sunny countenance of Jessie a cloud seemed never to have rested. All this Clement saw, and it almost startled him; but he turned to Elsie, and said—

“May I beg you will say nothing of this to my friend: there are circumstances connected with his early life, that would perhaps be painfully recalled by the discovery of this singular resemblance.”

Clement's companion was too well-bred to refer again to the subject; and though she teased Jessie Monteath a little for her cordiality, after the young men had left them, she said nothing of Clement's and her own observation.

“Elsie, can you tell me whether Dr. Grey was ever in Scotland before?” said Jessie, as the two retired to their chamber. “I wanted to ask him, but, without being abrupt, I could not do so.”

“Ah!” said her friend, “if you find that he has even *stepped* on Scotland's soil before the last week, you will claim him as a new-

found cousin; so, for fear of your indulging in a dangerous error, I will answer that he has never even dreamed of our quiet Scotland, much less visited it before."

"There you must be wrong, dear Elsie," said the young girl, in an absent tone, as though she tried to recall a forgotten scene; "for he told me himself that he had dreamed of little else for years, and then ceased to speak on the subject, as if it were connected with something painful."

"Ah, Jessie! please do not build too many castles for this possible-cousin to dwell in, lest they fall round you, without a moment's notice. I claim a good-night's kiss for all Scottish cousins." And, laughing merrily, she drew Jessie's comb from her hair, which fell in profusion over her shoulders. Black and glossy were its masses; and Elsie combed them gently for her friend—an office she insisted on always performing when Miss Monteath visited her, as she was doing at this time.

Jessie thanked her companion affectionately; and, when her hair had been duly brushed and twisted for the night, she threw

her arms around Elsie's neck, and kissed her.

"You silly child!" said Elsie, as she felt the tears on her friend's face; "you do not think I meant to tease you. Claim an entire Highland clan for your cousins, if you will; but keep me in the rank of *first* cousinship, if you would make me happy."

"You did not tease me, Elsie, nor ever can you," her friend replied; "but you have heard of my brother's death, and you cannot wonder that a suspicion sometimes occurs to me—vain as I am sure it must be—that he still lives. To-night, Dr. Grey's voice seemed to recall the memory of all that I have been told of the brother whose death took place before my birth."

As Jessie finished speaking, Elsie said—

"You can soon discover whether your suspicions are well founded in this matter; indeed, I will ask Mr. Hamilton something about his friend, and——." Elsie did not finish the sentence: a thought, connected with what Clement had said to her, seemed to promise a discovery; so she only bade Jessie good-night once more, and then, quietly going to her

room, seated herself by the window, looking through it upon the cold winter's sky. The opportunity Elsie desired for her friend did not present itself, and the matter passed from her thoughts entirely, in consequence of Jessie's hurried recall to her home, owing to the sudden illness of her grandfather, an old man fast falling into the sad state of second childhood.

It happened that Jessie's home was on the route Howard and Clement had determined to pursue, so that Mr. Murray decided to place Jessie under their care. Safer and more pleasant he thought this arrangement would be, than to send his daughter's friend to her home with no other companion than an old servant of her father.

On the morning previous to his departure, Howard received a letter from the captain of the ship in which he had crossed the ocean, that told him repairs were needed in the vessel, that would detain him at least a fortnight longer in Liverpool. This was pleasant news to Howard; and he commenced his journey with Jessie and her servant, accompanied by Clement, on the same evening.

CHAPTER VII.

At the close of the second day, Howard found that they were near the home of Miss Monteath. He would willingly have declined visiting her family until his return, but he found that, without being really rude, he could not do so. As they approached the town of Dumfries, which is situated in the midst of the most beautiful scenery, Howard felt more and more impressed by a patriotic enthusiasm. Mr. Gordon's birth-place he knew to be near this town, so that it was with deep interest Howard questioned Miss Monteath of her own home.

Gifted with superior powers for description, she drew such a picture of the scenes Howard was to behold, as made him rejoice at the opportunity her invitation gave Clement and himself of remaining long enough to examine all objects of interest.

In a little while, they had entered the inclosure at the front of Jessie's home, which was a wide, but low stone building, nearly all of it bearing evident marks of antiquity. One end seemed to have been recently built, and such was the case; for a fire, which had broken out in the night, a few years before Howard's visit, had made this change in the old aspect of the house. As the heavy vehicle in which they had ridden for a few miles drew up at the broad oak door, it was opened by the mother of Jessie; and, with a pretty Scotch accent, she welcomed her daughter home. Then, as she heard the names of Clement Hamilton and Dr. Grey, she said that her husband would soon be with them, and in kind tones invited them to enter. As they followed Jessie into the house, Mrs. Monteath turned to speak to the old servant who had come with the young girl.

Then, joining the travellers once more, she made the two feel, by her kind manner and gentle voice, entirely at home.

A light repast was soon ready; for Mrs. Monteath fancied that, after the journey, they stood in need of food.

While enjoying the products of the fine dairy and garden, Howard was addressed by Mrs. Monteath, who said—

“I ought to offer *you* a double welcome, for you bear the name of one of my dearest friends.”

“Of which name, madam,” Howard asked, “may I boast connection with your best thoughts?”

“That of Grey,” Mrs. Monteath replied.

“Howard Grey,” she would have heard the young doctor call himself, had not her husband entered at that moment. In the welcome he gave to the two young men, neither cordiality nor refinement was wanting. He was in all respects a noble representative of the Scottish gentleman. Apparently about fifty-six years of age, with a tall and robust frame, which showed no evidence of declining strength, he impressed both Clement and Howard with high sentiments of respect and admiration. In the beautiful dialect of Scotland, which sounded to Howard scarcely less musical from Mr. Monteath’s lips than from those of Jessie’s mother, he spoke to them of the kindness they had performed in escort-

ing the young *lassie* to her home. Then, as he laid his hand on his daughter's shoulder, he said—

“Jessie, you have not been long absent; yet I think I am more glad than I am wont to be, to know that we are all again gathered round our own *ingle-cheek*.” *

As her father kissed the fair forehead of Jessie, she said—

“Ah! father, my thoughts always lead me back to you: they have been with you all, I truly think, ever since I left this dear old home;” and, as she finished speaking, she bent over her father's chair, to receive another kiss. It was a pretty scene. The slight, graceful figure of the young girl contrasted well with the broad frame of her father; and, as she stooped over him, her dark hair seemed still more black as it fell against the light grey of her father's. His cheek was browned by exposure, but ruddy from healthy exercise; while hers, fair and delicate as an infant's, was flushed with the pleasure this return to her home had caused.

* Fireside, or hearth.

Jessie had satisfied herself, almost at the moment of entering the house, that her grandfather had recovered from his sudden illness; but now, however, she wished to see him, and left the room for that purpose.

As her grandfather heard her light footfall on the chamber floor, with the memory only of other days before him, he said—

“Ellison, my friend, promise ever to love my child: remember, he is but a babe; and may God reward you as you deal with him!” and, while he spoke, the old man moved hurriedly, but very feebly, towards a closet at the other end of the room, and opening it, drew forth one piece after another of a child’s wearing apparel, and then, as he passed his trembling hand before his eyes, murmured—

“My poor Archie can no longer be so small a child: many a weary day has passed since I have seen my own dear boy. Oh! will he not come to me again?”

Then the old man turned towards the door, apparently unconscious of Jessie’s presence, and said, in tones tremulous with age and sorrow—

"I shall go away from earth, and, though loath to leave my own precious Archie, I may not tarry with him;" and, as he spoke, he held the time-stained little garments closely pressed to his heart, and talked to them tenderly and caressingly, as though he held the darling child, given to his friend Ellison, once more in his arms.

Jessie did not interrupt the sorrowful memories of her grandfather, but seated herself in silence at his feet. The old man, unconscious of all save the image he had recalled, smoothed her hair off of her forehead, as her head rested against his knees, and murmured—

"Well I knew that my own son would not long leave me alone."

The old man continued talking of his child, until at last his voice died away; and, as Jessie rose, she saw that he had fallen asleep, still holding the faded garments closely clasped in his arms.

She left him quietly, after summoning a servant to remain by him, and then went to her own room. All within this apartment spoke of her mother's love. The curtains of

snow-white muslin were looped back, and a small green-house plant occupied the wide window-sill. Although neither Mr. nor Mrs. Monteath would submit to having a fire lighted in their sleeping-room, yet Jessie's mother believed that the cheerful light from a well-kindled fire was almost essential to the proper welcome of her daughter. The fire once lighted, a feeling, somewhat akin to superstition, prevented the hearth from being again left bare, until the warm beams of the sun, late in the spring, would fall upon the hearth-stone: then it would be removed, and a tall but simple vase, filled each day with flowers, occupied its place. As the light dawned upon the old yet costly furniture of dark mahogany, Jessie leaned her head against the window, and tears rolled down her cheeks, as she thought of the two sad events which had made her parents and grandparents so unhappy for many years.

She was summoned to tea, at length, by the clear tones of a silver bell, that were ever doubly welcome to her on the *first* evening passed again with her parents, after a few months' visit to her dearest friend, Elsie Murray.

Hastily smoothing her hair—for her grandfather had sadly disarranged it—she hastened to take her place at the head of the table; her mother having, two years before, resigned to her the duty of presiding both at the morning and evening meal.

Her father and her young friends were waiting for her and her mother, who had been summoned from the room by a servant. Mrs. Monteath soon returned, and then, while all stood around the table, her father solemnly asked the blessing.

Perhaps there is no act more solemn than this simple one, which speaks so clearly of our dependence on the bounty of our Creator. The few words so earnestly uttered by Mr. Monteath, recalled to Howard's mind the figure of his friend Mr. Gordon, whose very countenance seemed changed when he thus invoked a blessing. A moment's pause followed, and then Jessie, as she poured out the tea, spoke of the neighbourhood of Edinburgh; and, addressing her father, said—

“Mr. Murray pointed out the grounds you so often used to talk of to me. I have rarely seen a more perfect woodland than that sur-

rounding Birksholm. The old hall looks, too, as though time could never fail to beautify it. It seems really venerable, as it lifts its brown front among the beautiful trees that surround it."

Jessie had touched upon a painful subject, in her anxiety to draw her father into some discussion on Scottish scenery. But he paused only for a few moments before he replied to his daughter's remark, and then said—

"The old Holm is in good hands, and will scarcely miss the presence of those who once delighted in beautifying it. Had your brother lived, he, perhaps, would have enjoyed its present venerable appearance, as you have done so lately;" then, turning to his guests, he added, "My daughter speaks of an old residence—indeed, until the last three-and-twenty years, the only residence I ever knew. Birken, or Birksholm, as it is now most generally called, has been, for a hundred and fifty years, the home of my fathers. You must not wonder, then, if, to the eyes of both my daughter and myself, it has very many beauties. You must see it, on your return to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh."

Howard longed to know the motives that had actuated Mr. Monteath in leaving a spot endeared to him, evidently, by many treasured associations; but he would not ask for an explanation intentionally withheld, and, joining Clement in expressing the pleasure it would give him to see the locality Mr. Monteath had referred to, made some allusion to his own land, that entirely directed the conversation into other channels.

The meal ended, Clement and Howard followed Jessie to the parlour, where, after a little playful chat, Jessie drew a harp to her, which occupied a corner of the apartment, and sang several lively English ballads. There were tones of her voice inexpressibly lovely; and, as Howard listened to them, he longed, more than ever in his life before, for the power fully to understand the secret of such harmony. Clement's whole soul responded to the influence of music; and, as Jessie sung the words of "Mary of Argyle," his voice joined hers, and rose with it, clear and full of melody.

Howard stood by Jessie, and, as she finished the pretty song just named, asked her for the

Scotch air you have already heard spoken of as Mr. Gordon's favourite. As she finished singing it, she said—

“Do you not sing, Dr. Grey? You seem to enjoy my music so much, that I hope you will allow me the privilege of hearing you.”

Had Jessie been other than the young, artless girl she really was, she would, perhaps, have made no reference to her *own* playing; but, in speaking of herself, there was so entire an absence of vanity, that no one could find fault.”

“I do not sing,” Howard replied; “but your voice has made me regret, more than I have ever done, that I possess so little power of enjoying the most exquisite performance fully.”

“Ah! Miss Monteath,” Clement said, “it is the only gift Howard does not possess. With it, he would make us so conscious of our mortifying defects, that it might prove fatal to the little vanity in which either you or myself can now pleasantly indulge.”

Howard turned a deaf ear to Clement's compliment, and, addressing Jessie, spoke in eloquent terms of Mildred's voice.

"Dr. Grey, you have roused my curiosity; and, if I ever do visit America, I shall not feel that I have satisfied it, until I hear your sister sing," Jessie answered.

"Not my sister," Howard rejoined, "but the daughter of the only parents I have known since my fifth year."

For the first time during their acquaintance, Jessie had heard Dr. Grey's Christian name; and linked with it was another. These were, she well knew, the first and second names of her lost brother; and when she heard that Howard had believed himself an orphan since his fifth year, a thought flashed through her mind, so bewildering in its promise of joy, that consciousness well-nigh forsook her.

"You are ill, Miss Monteath," said Clement, as he noticed the death-like pallor that succeeded to the crimson flush which a moment before had dyed her cheek. "Allow me to summon your mother," he added, as he saw that she struggled to recover herself.

"No: it will pass in a moment." And mastering, with a powerful effort, the emotion which had overcome her, she turned to Howard, and said—

“Forgive me, Dr. Grey, if I pain you; but will you tell me the circumstances of your parents’ death? A friend——” but Jessie could not support a moment’s delay, and only saying, “I will tell you afterwards,” waited to hear the details of a story that Howard had never before uttered.

What need to tell you how he worded it, or how, as the story was repeated, Jessie knew that her brother stood beside her? A tale of joy is soon revealed; and, as Howard was folded to the grateful hearts of his parents and sister, a thousand times was he repaid for all the sadness of his early life.

No longer Howard Grey, but bearing his proper surname, Monteath, he seemed to himself like one walking in a dream.

There was much of Howard’s life that could not be recalled, in the midst of the joyful scene of which he was indeed the centre; but, as he sat between his parents, with his sister at his feet, he addressed Mrs. Monteath by the dear word, MOTHER, and said—

“The story of the shipwreck bewilders me: I cannot tell why you were not thrown upon land by the same wave that washed me ashore.”

“My son,” Mr. Monteath replied, “the waves that engulfed the vessel must have carried us out to sea in their retreat. Of all after the fearful moment in which the sea rose over us, and before it fell upon the shivering vessel, both your mother and myself are alike unconscious. We were restored to life on board of an English merchant ship; and when we inquired for our child, we were told that every soul save ourselves had perished. I might have felt the uncertainty of the story, and have made some inquiry concerning the passengers and crew, many of whom, I thought, might possibly have been saved; but, the tenth day after the wreck; a steamer, bound from a Southern city, passed near enough to admit of an exchange of papers. Among them was one in which, in words I never can forget, though even now I hold my lost son’s hand within my own, I read of the wreck of our ship, and of the entire destruction of every human being on board of her. In a few lines at the end of the article, which cost us all so much grief, there was a description of two lifeless bodies that had been washed ashore: one we recognized as that of

our own son, for in all, save the account of his death, that story must have been only too true. The other we knew must be the old sailor, Williams, who constantly would stand at the stern of the vessel, holding you in his arms, for hours together. Do you wonder now that both your mother and I believed you dead, that we mourned for you as such, and, until the birth of our own treasured Jessie, grieved as only those can grieve who have endured chastisement from the hand of God?"

Howard, as his father finished this sad tale, bent to receive the blessing of his parents.

One more circumstance of joy, and one that Howard was scarcely less grateful to hear than of his own restoration to his family, was connected with the faithful pastor and friend of many years.

The father of Mrs. Monteath was none other than the surviving parent of Mr. Gordon. Howard had told the story of his motto; he had seen that strong emotion shook his mother's frame; and, while tears rolled down her face, had heard her say, "*My God, I thank thee!*" but until his father, who had left the

room, returned with a heavy silver goblet in his hand, and pointed out on it the same crest he had seen Mr. Gordon use,—until he had read the Latin words beneath, and knew they also bore the same translation as the motto upon the curious seal Mr. Gordon so treasured,—he could not realize that it was within his power to restore the son to an aged parent, and bring to his mother the brother she had mourned in her earlier years as lost. So it was; and Howard waited only for the next morning, to send to his beloved friend the tidings of untold joy.

With the morning, letters came to Clement and Howard. The first found there would be no time for him to tarry longer with his friend, whom he delighted to call, as much almost as Howard to hear, by his new-found name—Monteath.

“Monteath,” he said, while Howard paused from breaking the seals of a letter he knew came from the Briers—“Monteath, I go from this old, quiet mansion with nothing but a dreamy remembrance of my old-time friend, Howard Grey. Do you know, I could wish—selfish though I may seem—that this grand

explanation of so many mysteries had been postponed. Mildred will not welcome me home, if I do not bring her best friend with me. But read your letters now: I will not say a word, except to beg for any scrap of news from the Briers you may choose to bestow on me."

Howard's eye took in the contents of his letter, which was really from Mildred, though directed by her father; and, as he read the first page, he crumpled it in his hand, saying—

"My dear friends, would that I had been with you!"

"My child, you alarm us! tell me why you thus speak," his mother said, as she smoothed his hair gently with her hand.

Howard handed Clement the letter, and, in a voice which trembled as he proceeded, he read—

"The home so dear to you, as well as to ourselves, is no longer ours. The Briers is now claimed by men whom we only know as creditors of my father. The bank in which was deposited the amount of those sales that we believed had been wisely made, has failed: with it, my father loses all. I have not

exaggerated these truths in the least, Howard. Oh! that I could talk with you of all this sorrow; for, in the grief of Maitland and my parents, I suffer more than in the mere loss of that wealth my parents have taught me to value very lightly. Come to us, Howard, if you can. Maitland cannot help us; his grief overwhelms him."

"Why, Howard," said Clement, as he finished reading it, "this letter is dated so long back, that you ought to have received it in London."

"Your friend is right," Mr. Monteath answered: "Mr. Lee's family will not understand your delay. I fear to have you lose another moment, if you mean to reply to their letter."

"I will do as you suggest," said Howard, and would have left the room; but Clement had already found his desk, and placed it on the table, as Howard rose to get it.

"Thank you, Clement," Howard said; and then at once began to write. His letter told not a word of his joy, but spoke to Mr. Lee's family of his heartfelt sympathy with their sorrow, and assured them that, speedily as possible, he would be with them.

As his father read this promise, he would gladly have interfered with its fulfilment; but, by the joy he felt in recovering his son, he knew what Mr. Lee must feel, in being separated, at such a time, from one dear to him as either of his own children. Before Howard left Scotland, which he did at the end of the week, accompanied by Clement, Mr. Monteath told him that an estate of great value became his own, whenever he would wish to claim it. It had been left to him by a brother of Mr. Monteath, and, at the time of Howard's supposed death, fell by will to his father. The young man could scarcely credit his father's words, when he said—

“The property will yield you six thousand pounds a-year, or rather more for the first few years, at least, owing to the accumulated rents.”

To say that Howard felt no thrill of delight, as he knew of this inheritance, would not be true; but if for a moment the old scoff of Maitland had crossed his mind, when he said, “All that you can ever hope to accomplish will be by *plodding perseverance* ;” it was followed by thanksgiving to the *Author of every good and perfect gift*.

Howard, though Mildred had not told him the amount of her father's indebtedness, knew that Mr. Lee could only have parted with the Briers because he no longer felt able to support so costly an establishment.

He knew that his newly-found income would at least go far towards relieving Mr. Lee's present embarrassment; and, with impatient delight, he thought of the time when he thus might render back a portion of his kindness to himself.

The vessel in which he sailed from America was still undergoing repairs in the dock at Liverpool; so Howard did not even think of returning in her.

Folded to his mother's heart, he heard her commit him to God's keeping; then he was drawn, with a firm embrace, into his father's arms; and, with Jessie's warm tears upon his cheek, he turned from his home to that of his adopted parents.

Swiftly, as though conscious of the eager heart beating within Howard's breast, the great steamer of the Atlantic bore him over the waves of the ocean. Swiftly as the flying clouds she passed over the sea; and faster still, as the

land hove in sight, her iron frame shot onward.

The cry of "land!" was like the cry of victory to Howard's ears; and, with the firm tread of a conqueror, he stood once more on the shore.

The family of his guardian were soon gladdened by his presence; and when, at length, Mr. Lee spoke of the joy he experienced in knowing he had secured to Maitland and Howard the means of independence, he could no longer forbear pouring forth the startling tale of his own happiness. Heartfelt were the congratulations with which it was received; but when Mr. Lee spoke of the separation these events would bring to them, Howard's tears mingled with those of the family around him. At length, he said—

"There is one favour which it is yet in the power of my guardian to grant."

"You know, Howard," Mr. Lee answered, "I have now but a very small share of power, but the little there is shall be yours. What can I do for you?"

"Give me the names of your creditors, and the amount due to each," Howard tried to say lightly.

"I have no creditors, Howard, I can say most gratefully."

"But why have you left the Briers, if no other loss than the amount deposited in the Bank of —— has been sustained by you?" Howard asked.

"The Briers, as the home of a wealthy man, is unsuited to the simple wants of the poor one," Mr. Lee said; and then added, "I have mortgaged it, that I might raise funds sufficient to enable me to embark in business of some kind: I may no longer live the life of an idler."

"That," burst from Howard's lips, "you have never been; but I have already too long delayed bearing to Mr. Gordon the joy I have brought him. Good-bye, for a few hours," he added, and left the room.

The conversation that followed his departure was prompted both by feelings of sadness and joy. But when Howard returned to them, with Mr. Gordon leaning upon his arm, and the faces of both beamed with happiness, all thoughts of self were laid aside.

Howard told Mildred that night, before they left the room that, in Mr. Lee's present home, filled the office of parlour, dining-room, and

library, that when he had told Mr. Gordon his own history, as he now knew it, and spoke of the grandfather whose snow-white hair so beautifully marked his advancing years, he had said, "In the person of that old man, I can almost believe that I can trace the form of that parent I have never known. Aged and bent, with snowy hair, so I have pictured him to myself, when I have permitted my mind to dwell on those painful scenes."

Then Howard, glad of such an opening for his story, told Mr. Gordon gently of the sorrow the old man had sustained; and as, at length, he named his mother as possessing the same motto that Mr. Gordon had given him, the minister knelt, and said—

"Praised be the Lord, for he hath heard the voice of my humble petition. I will sing of the Lord, because he hath dealt so lovingly with me; yea, I will praise the name of the Lord Most Highest."

Thanksgiving was the first thought of the good man's heart. Well might Howard, as he listened to Mr. Gordon's words, pray that he, too, might offer thanksgiving in a life of holiness to his Creator.

Howard busied himself, the next day, in paying the mortgage that would press so heavily on Mr. Lee in commencing business. Depositing a sufficient sum to meet the expenses of the place with a trustworthy agent, he sought Mr. Lee, and told him simply, and as though he had transacted an ordinary matter of business, of what he had done, begging his guardian once more to occupy the home so dear to them all.

Long and earnestly Mr. Lee pleaded with Howard to ask some other favour, for this he could not grant; but he found the young man inflexible in his request, and at length promised to do as Howard wished. When the promise was really given, Howard said—

“No wonder, my dear friend, your most powerful weapons have proved powerless. I am arrayed in the panoply of my motto: I am glad you have again shown its worth to me;” and, as Howard said this, Mr. Lee laid his hand on the young man’s head, and, blessing him for his constant devotion to his duties, and for his obedient life, said—

“Howard, you have indeed proved to me, that *he CAN conquer who thinks he can.*”

A short time passed by, and then Howard saw Mr. Lee, with Maitland, Mildred, and her mother, once more dwelling within the precincts of the Briers. There, in the library, again he listened to Mildred's voice, and there talked to her, on a calm summer evening, of his beautiful sister Jessie. Soon after, Clement Hamilton found Mildred alone—for Howard had left her to go to the parsonage—and, as he drew Mildred's arm through his, led her out upon the lawn, and told her, while she listened with a joyous smile, of the bright dream he had indulged in of his future life.

Howard, not long after this, led Mr. Gordon to his own beloved Scotland, guided him to the side of his aged and only-surviving parent; and, while the mother of Howard welcomed her long-lost and long-mourned-for brother, the expiring intellect of Mr. Gordon, the father of the faithful pastor, was roused and kindled into life, to recognize, in the man of sixty-seven years, the son he had parted from nearly that number of years before.

The light of returning reason glimmered but for a moment; then as, in the words of the aged Simeon, Jessie's grandfather said, "*Lord,*

now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," he sunk into a slumber calmer than the repose of childhood—the deep, untroubled sleep of the righteous dead.

Whether, in future years, Jessie's voice had power over Maitland, I may not reveal; but, after enduring severe suffering—"the loving discipline of pain"—he was enabled to subdue his slothful and passionate temper; and, roused to emulate Howard's noble life, he proved at length the power dwelling in these words, when they are used in the strength of the Holy Spirit, and found, through life, no charm more powerful than his pastor's motto—that, "HE CAN CONQUER WHO THINKS HE CAN."

THE END.





